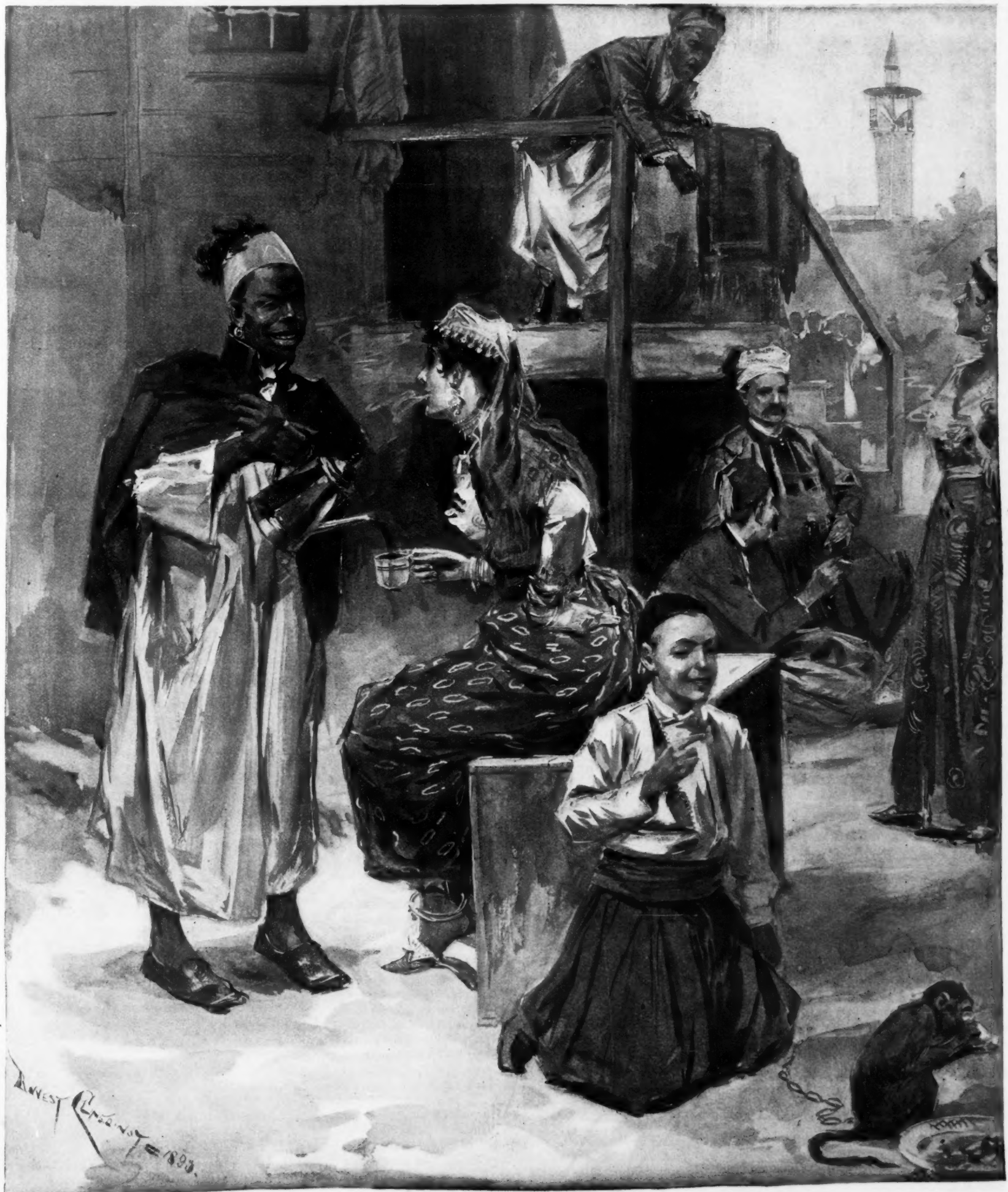


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

STAGE-ENTRANCE TO THE ALGERIAN THEATRE ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1893.

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## The Contest in New York.



THE Republicans of New York have it within their power to recover, in the coming election, something of the prestige they have lost in recent campaigns. All the conditions are favorable to this result. They have a clean ticket, and are able to make their appeal to the conscience and intelligence of the State. Public sentiment is largely with them. Democratic blunders and inefficiency at Washington have alienated thousands of voters of the more thoughtful class. Debauchery of the judiciary and outrages upon law and the rights of citizens by the ruling partisan autocracy of the State have deepened the popular distrust of Democracy as now organized and controlled. All that remains is so to concentrate this awakened public opinion as to make it effective at the polls. Will this be done?

If the Republicans of the State had perfected their organization as they should have done one year ago, there would have been no room for doubt on this point. Wisely and courageously led, the organized strength of the party would, under the circumstances which now exist, have proved irresistible. We do not forget that the enemy are thoroughly organized and that they have a colossal machine behind them. We remember, too, that they have control, in all the populous centres, of the election boards and are able to manipulate the returns to suit their necessities. But all these would not avail them if a full Republican vote could be polled. That vote, re-enforced by the ballots of honest and honorable Democrats and right-minded independents, would exceed any totals which could be massed against it by the partisan agencies usually employed.

What can be done to secure this full poll of the party strength? In the absence of satisfactory organization, each Republican must answer that question for himself. A faithful performance of personal duty by each individual will largely make amends for the neglect and inefficiency of the State and county committees. These latter, however, can even now do a good deal to insure success if they will get actively to work. There is not an Assembly district in the State in which arrangements may not be completed, in the time remaining, for polling every Republican vote. It will require systematic effort and tireless industry, but the work can be done. And if Republicans appreciate their opportunity it will be done. If they do not—if they care nothing for the rescue of the State from misrule and disgrace—then but one result can follow; fresh humiliation and disaster will overtake us, making rehabilitation hereafter increasingly difficult and doubtful. Surely no loyal Republican can contemplate with satisfaction the possibility of such an outcome.

## The Law Vindicated.

THE conviction of Emma Goldman on a charge of violating the laws, in a speech in which she sought to incite the unemployed to acts of violence, comes as a refreshing incident in these times of complaisant tolerance of all manner of offenses against the public security. An avowed anarchist, an atheist, preaching everywhere the right of every man to "live unrestrained by any law," and playing at every turn upon the passions and prejudices of the ignorant and depraved, this woman has forfeited every claim to sympathy, and her escape would have been a real misfortune. Judge Martine said truly that "the right of free speech to protest against public wrongs is the privilege of every American citizen; but free speech has a limit. When any address incites to riot and disorder it becomes incendiary in the eyes of the law," and as such must be

punished if the dignity and authority of the law are to be maintained. It is perhaps too much to expect that the professional anarchists who thrive by agitation will be much impressed by the conviction of their apologist, but the fact cannot fail to exert a wholesome influence upon that class of workmen who have been betrayed by the excitement or necessities of the moment into apparent sympathy with theories which are full of peril to their own best interests.

## A Gentle Warning to Chicago.



CHICAGO has a bumptious mayor, who has a genius for doing and saying the wrong thing. The dirt of Chicago's streets is not dirt in itself, but useful material out of place; so the mayor of Chicago is perhaps no worse in himself than a thousand other crude specimens of humanity, but as a mayor he is sadly out of place. When he is insulting our Canadian guests under the impression that he is being witty, or getting up a circus at the Manhattan Club, or promising the "boys" in Chicago that everything shall be "wide open" if they will only elect him, he is merely affronting respectable people and making sensitive Americans wince for the time being. But when he turns art critic and booms a piece of sculpture, he is attacking the babes of generations unborn.

There is some fine sculpture at the Columbian Fair, but when Carter Harrison's fit of connoisseurship was on he naturally saw only one of the worst pieces. Perhaps the butter lady had been modeling his head, and while his effigy melted and grew rank in the torrid zephyrs of East Illinois, a corresponding change occurred in the statuesque original. At any rate, the arrival of Monsieur Bartholdi at the fair coincided with a Bartholdi boom set in motion by Carter Harrison. Wiping the buttermilk from his brow, the mayor was seized with an intuition that the bronze group of Washington and Lafayette, which the artists of the Paris Salon called the "shake hand," and the artists at the fair called the "hand-shake," must be kept at Chicago and erected somewhere—let us say near the butter market. Driven by his corybantic rage, Carter Harrison gave a whoop, and sitting down at his desk, sent flying various bits of paper—demands for subscriptions to this wonderful work of art.

Had he possessed a less romantic and perfervid soul; had he for one brief, fleeting moment doubted whether he knew anything about Bartholdi save that Bartholdi loves all Americans, but positively worships Chicago; had he summoned to his hyperion presence a few out of the many artists and connoisseurs indigenous to his fens, or sojourning, playful and ribald, at the commissariat in Jackson Park, he would have been enlightened concerning this particular group and M. Bartholdi's claims to greatness. Peradventure he would have stayed his hasty, orgiastic hand! As it is, the ignominy has befallen him to receive enlightenment from New York, that den of small-souled, carping Dutchmen who regard his antics with mingled wonder and amusement.

The group of Washington and Lafayette is a copy of the bronze prepared for a square in Paris called the United States, and paid for, not at all by Frenchmen, but by an American editor. If the Parisians can stand it, certainly Americans would be impertinent to object; but we have the unborn American babes to think of, and it is easy to love babes before they are born. Is there any reason, we ask, why Americans should accept bad statuary from foreigners? Have we not a harvest of poor statuary ourselves? And if we must have it bad, is it not saner and more patriotic to make some of our own lame ducks happy with the commission?

Bartholdi's group is theatrical, not dramatic. It is poorly composed; its appeal to the old fraternity of the two greatest republics the world has ever seen savors of claptrap because the sculptor was not equal to the task. Washington is sacrificed to Lafayette, for the majestic size and dignity of the first President are not there, while the slender stripling from France would, if his feet were drawn together, be a larger man than Washington. The latter's face and figure are very wretched in modeling; his expression is best designated by that fine old Elizabethan word, chumpish. He is neither a gentleman, nor an intellect, nor a soldier—he's just a chump! Lafayette is better, but the sculptor has not taken the trouble to vary his looks and attitude from those of the Lafayette on Union Square in New York, except for the worse. The face is not so good; the modeling of both face and figure are distinctly inferior.

Chicago has her faults, and it sometimes pleases her admiring friends in other villages to call her attention to them with more or less ill-nature. But there are limits to our malevolence. We draw the line at bad architecture and sculpture, for we of New York expect Chicago to avoid our mistakes by noting carefully all our hideous public buildings and the nightmares that afflict our parks and squares in the guise of sculpture. We adjure Mayor Harrison to descend from the tripod and, after an application

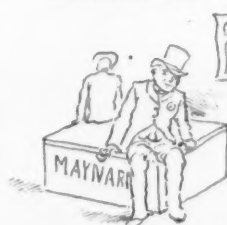
of iced towels to his wide-open brow, to realize that what in his hypnotic trance he deemed a work of art remains in America just what it was on its appearance in the Paris Salon, a bait for gudgeons; a catchpenny, slipslop piece of vulgarity; the laughing-stock of the great living sculptors and connoisseurs of France.

## English Labor Wins a Victory.

ALL the great labor conflicts in England in the last two years have resulted in the defeat of labor. The strike of the London omnibus men in May, 1891, was, until a few days ago, the last great contest in which victory rested with the men. After it came a long series of defeats, beginning with that of the London carpenters in the autumn of 1891, followed by that of the coal-miners in Durham in the spring of 1892, that of the cotton operatives in February last, and culminating with the defeats of the dock laborers at Bristol and Hull in the spring of the present year. A change in the fortunes of labor has attended the great strike of coal-miners which began in July and was continued until the middle of October. This was the greatest strike that England has ever witnessed. It affected three hundred and fifty thousand miners on the Midland coal-field, entirely stopped manufacturing in many parts of the country, caused a suspension of hundreds of railway trains, crowded the coal region with soldiers, and as one of its incidents occasioned a riot near Pontefract more fatal in its consequences than any popular tumult in England since the direful times in the industrial districts which followed the peace after Waterloo, and led to the massacre at Peterloo in Manchester.

Altogether more than half a million men have been involved in the coal-trade dispute; and in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire there has been want and destitution worse even than that which existed in the cotton districts of Lancashire during our Civil War. The conflict arose out of an attempt on the part of the coal-owners to cut down wages by twenty-five per cent. For twelve months past English coal-miners have been earning on an average less than six dollars a week. When it was proposed that these wages should be reduced the men resisted the proposal. The employers gave them two weeks in which to make up their minds, and when the men in their local unions and again in the conference of the Miners' National Federation voted against submission, the owners on the great coal-fields lying between York on the north and Nottingham on the south closed their mines to force the miners to accept the reduction. The mine-owners offered to submit their demand to arbitration; but English miners are shy of arbitration and declined this proposal. The idea of the coal-owners was that a stoppage of about six weeks would bring the men to terms. But these six weeks went by and there was no sign of submission. Ballots were frequently taken among the men, but each time they voted almost unanimously against any reduction whatever and against submitting the case to arbitration. When it was seen that the miners were prepared to hold out into the winter months, the coal-owners became alarmed and, one after another, bolted from the Owners' Association and reopened their mines at the old rate of wages. Many of them were glad to do so, as from the commencement there had been a lack of unanimity among the owners, and with some of them there grew up a feeling that in demanding so large a reduction they had over-reached themselves. It was the knowledge of this feeling on the part of some of the owners which gave heart to the coal-miners and their fellow-unionists, and accounted for the unbroken front which the men have presented from the commencement of the long-drawn-out struggle. Much of the popular sympathy with the coal-miners was due to the fact that they were on the defensive. With one exception—that of the Durham miners—all the great strikes in England since 1889 have been aggressive, and waged in the spirit of the new unionism. They did not, therefore, command the popular support which the coal-miners have received in their ten weeks' conflict with the coal-owners.

## Democrats Against Maynard.



EVERY man who votes for Isaac H. Maynard votes to further the schemes of an utterly selfish partisan machine, in favor of the prostitution of the ballot, the burglary of the ballot-box, and larceny of election returns; in favor of the

domination of the slums in all affairs of state, and the bestowal of the highest official rewards upon shameless criminals. It is not surprising that, recognizing the significance of such a vote, honorable and high-minded Democrats are avowing their determination to have nothing to do with this unclean nomination. Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, the president of the Manhattan Club, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the country, one of the American counsel in the Behring Sea arbitration at Paris, conspicuous for years in Democratic politics, and chairman of the committee of the Bar Association which investigated the charge against Maynard and pronounced him guilty,



voices the sentiment of this class of Democrats when he says:

"Honest lawyers are defied and humiliated by the nomination of Maynard. It has seemed that all that is left to honesty and justice in this State was the Bench. If the court of last resort is to be besmirched by the election of such a man, we might as well stop right here and give up all hope of pure politics. The nomination of Judge Maynard is received with resentment by hundreds of lawyers in New York City. Personally, I shall vote against him, and use whatever influence I possess to defeat Mr. Maynard. This is a crisis in which the Bar of the State of New York should rise up as one man and protest against the election of a judge possessed of such a record."

Mr. James C. Carter, another life-long Democrat, and also a member of the Bar Association committee, and Mr. Couder's associate before the arbitration tribunal, expresses himself with equal emphasis in reprobation of Judge Maynard's nomination. Other Democrats of prominence are speaking out in language no less pronounced and decisive. There is, in fact, a consensus of opinion among the better class of Democrats everywhere that Maynard's election would be a public calamity. Rising thus above all considerations of partisanship, in a supreme regard for the highest public interests, these men furnish an illustration of loyalty to conscience which cannot fail to exercise a wide and important influence. If all Republicans will only display an equal devotion to the obvious obligations of civic duty, the result of the coming election, so far as this particular nomination is concerned, will be placed beyond all doubt.

### An Infamous Document.

WE find in the *Rocky Mountain News*, published at Denver, a very remarkable document. It is a fac-simile of a placard issued by the American Protective Association of that city, and circulated in the councils of that order throughout the United States, denouncing M. D. Van Horn, mayor of the city, for having violated his obligation by appointing a Roman Catholic to office, and invoking upon his head the direst calamities which misfortune can bestow. The placard is headed by a portrait of the person condemned, and is ornamented by a cross of blood-red color. We give the text of the document, as follows:

"TRAITOR.

"M. D. VAN HORN, JESUIT.

"THE TRAITOR'S RESOLUTION.

"WHEREAS, Marion D. Van Horn, an infamous member of this Order, hath, contrary to his oath, said oath having voluntarily, though perjurally and traitorously taken, opposed the tenets of this Order;

"AND WHEREAS, Said Van Horn hath totally disregarded his said obligation by an overt act, to him and to us well known, and which has been in due form proven;

"THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, That said Van Horn be dishonorably dismissed from the Councils of this Order, as a TRAITOR and a PERJURER;

"That a likeness of said TRAITOR, with a copy of these resolutions, duly certified, be sent to each and every Supreme Council, Supreme Lodge, Supreme Camp, and Grand Commandery within the jurisdiction of the United States, as well as to each Local council within the jurisdiction of this State, with a request that the same be read, and that the name of 'Marion D. Van Horn, TRAITOR and PERJURER,' be proclaimed three times, at each of four consecutive regular meetings of such Councils;

"RESOLVED FURTHER, That a photograph or likeness of said TRAITOR be prepared, bearing across the breast of said likeness a Roman Cross, painted thereon, surmounted by the word 'TRAITOR'; said likeness to be draped in black and hung in our Council Chamber;

"BE IT RESOLVED FURTHER, That all communication, socially or otherwise, with said traitor and perjurer by any member of this order, do now forever cease;

"That in his joys or in his sorrows; in his hopes or in his disappointments; awake or asleep; in health or in sickness; at his fireside or with his fellowmen, we ask Providence to grant one faint ray of conscience to quicken his Plutonian soul, so that he may see himself as others see him.

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That when his carcass reposes in the arms of mo-er Earth, in whatsoever land, an unknown Committee, duly appointed, shall perform its last rite in the name of this Council, by marking the place so that all may know:

"HERE LIES A TRAITOR."

"RESOLVED FURTHER, That these resolutions be adopted by a rising vote; that a Committee of three be appointed by the chair to present a copy of these resolutions to said TRAITOR in person."

We know nothing of the organization which thus avenges itself upon disloyal members, but we suspect from its name that its special object is the protection of American institutions against foreign influence and sectarian encroachments. That is a purpose which should command the sympathy of good citizens everywhere. But it cannot be promoted by any such shameful methods as this order has adopted. It is the right of any citizen to become a member of any organization which contemplates a patriotic service; but when men, thus banded together in secret, use their power in a spirit of fierce fanaticism to make war upon individuals, they not only commit a monstrous outrage upon personal rights, but fatally prejudice their cause, however sacred it may be, in the eyes of all the public. American institutions are more really endangered by the rancorous bigotry and malignant temper displayed in this action of the Denver Protective Association than by all the machinations of sectarian zealots and all the pestiferous doctrines which are preached by agitators of whatever sort. The day of murderous proscription for opinion's sake is passed and gone; men are no longer gibbeted at the gates for daring to obey the behests of conscience; and anathemas and maledictions, whether of

Pope or Protestant council, employed as instruments either of persuasion or punishment, are as illogical as they are impotent and contemptible.

### Progress of the Southern Blacks.



IN spite of an environment which is in many respects unfriendly, the negroes of the South are gradually making their way out of the debased conditions in which they were left at the close of the Civil War. Indeed, everything considered, their progress, intellectually and morally, must be regarded as remarkable. They emerged into freedom not only densely ignorant, but stupefied by bondage, and largely incapable of any true conception of their relations to society and the State. As a mass they were helplessly poor. Their poverty was all the more desperate because they were unskilled, without training in or knowledge of useful industries, and incapable of utilizing properly the opportunities opening before them. Habits of indolence and improvidence, moreover, with other vices nourished by their slavery, clung to them tenaciously. At first their progress was feeble and spasmodic. But as they awakened to a comprehension of the possibilities within their reach, their energies were quickened, and now, at the end of thirty years, they have so far conquered existing disabilities as to warrant the fullest confidence as to their future elevation. Some figures submitted at the recent Protestant Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of New York, by Bishop Penick, who is in charge of the church work among the colored people of the country, are conclusive on this point. Thus he showed that whereas twenty-eight years ago not one in ten thousand of the blacks in the South could read, now there are twenty-five thousand colored persons who are either professors or teachers in colleges and schools. "At the close of the Civil War the negroes had absolutely not a single church among their whole people. In the past twenty-five years they have built 19,753 churches, with a seating capacity of 5,818,459, at a cost of \$20,323,887. Their parish registers now show 2,316,785 communicants in their own churches, all of whom are of their own race."

These are encouraging facts, and they cannot fail to deepen the interest of the friends of good government everywhere in the educational work which is achieving such large results. Next to fair play and justice on the part of the whites, nothing will contribute so much to the solution of the negro problem along right lines as the diffusion of intelligence among the masses of the blacks and the demonstration of their capacity for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

### Topics of the Week.

THE *New York World* has displayed an independence and fearlessness in its comments on the Van Alen scandal and the greater scandal of Maynard's nomination which entitle it to all praise. It is no wonder that the "bosses" have issued an order to the faithful to boycott the sheet.

THE intimation that the American Minister to Brazil has acquiesced in the interference of the diplomatic representatives of European governments in the conflict now in progress between the constituted government of that republic and the insurgents under Admiral Mello, has produced a most unfavorable impression in this country. If there is any one doctrine as to which Americans are practically agreed it is that of absolute non-interference in the affairs of outside peoples. We have maintained this doctrine inflexibly against all comers, and it is simply amazing that an American diplomat should, at this day, join hands with the representatives of governments which have persistently resisted the application of this principle to all and any part of this continent.

THE faculty of Princeton College has exhibited a vigor and decision of purpose in dealing with recent hazing brutalities which are worthy of all commendation. Five students have been dismissed, three without letters, and five suspended for participation in the maltreatment of freshmen. The former, who have no letters, will be unable to enter any other college of standing, and their educational career is thus arrested and eclipsed with disgrace. The punishment is severe, but it is deserved. The hazing practices which have so long been tolerated at many of our colleges are pure barbarities, as cruel and inhuman as the tortures once inflicted upon their prisoners by the savages of the West, and no institution which permits them should be counted worthy of the patronage of civilized people.

THE agitation in Austria in favor of universal suffrage has evidently impressed the government with the necessity of making concessions to the democratic spirit. The prime minister, at the recent opening of the Reichsrath, announced that it was obviously impossible longer to delay suffrage reform, and that the matter would at once be taken up, with a view to enabling every citizen to exercise the franchise, subject only to modified restrictions. There is

no doubt as to the wisdom of this course. Recently as many as sixteen meetings in favor of universal suffrage were held in a single night in Vienna, at which some twenty thousand persons united in demanding unlimited franchises, and in warning the government that it could not afford any longer to disregard the voice of two-thirds of the population. It is rather remarkable that while despotic countries are thus enlarging the suffrage, the United States Congress is enacting laws which will practically disfranchise a large part of the electorate.

THE report of the Inspector-General of the United States Army very properly characterizes the condition of our coast defenses as most disgraceful. He says that almost the entire southern coast on the Atlantic seaboard is absolutely without protection. Twenty-seven of the forts between the Delaware River and Barataria Bay, Louisiana, are without garrisons; the forts themselves are going to ruin, and the condition of their equipment generally is in every way discreditable, serving only to remind us of the high state from which we have fallen, and that we are not at all prepared for resistance to any bold and aggressive Power. The Inspector-General suggests that immediate measures be taken to put in serviceable condition all guns and material that can be relied upon in connection with the operation of torpedo lines, and that generally our system of fortifications shall be as rapidly as possible placed on an efficient basis for defensive service.

AMERICAN enterprise is constantly seeking new fields of conquest. Of late years this adventurous spirit has found expression especially in the construction of railways abroad. Even the Holy Land has been invaded, and one railway has already been built. Now we are told that a Chicago firm is about to build another road, extending from Haifa in Palestine to Damascus. Haifa is a town on the Bay of Acre, near the outlet of the River Kishon, and the distance to Damascus by air line is about ninety-five miles. Such a road would traverse historic ground, and open up a country which up to this time has possessed only primitive means of travel. Damascus, as an emporium of trade, is a most important city, and if connected by rail with the outside world would speedily be modernized, to the great advantage of its population and the undoubted benefit of the vast region with which it has business relations. It is understood that the equipment, engines, and cars of the proposed road will be wholly of American make. The design is to complete the work within the next eighteen months, and it is probable that if desirable concessions can be obtained from Persia the road may ultimately be extended to India.

DESPERATE efforts are making by the Democratic managers in this State to dragoon the conscientious men among the rank and file into the support of Judge Maynard, their nominee for the Court of Appeals. They will no doubt succeed, to some extent, in these efforts, but there is a large body of Democrats who will not under any circumstances vote for this disgraced official. Some of these dissentients will cast their ballots for his Republican opponent, but others will probably content themselves with scratching. It is a little difficult to understand how they expect to make their protest really effective by this course. If the Republican candidate were not in every respect worthy of the place for which he is named, a refusal to vote for him on the part of a Democrat dissatisfied with his own party nominee might be justifiable; but, thoroughly equipped as he is, it ought to be an easy matter for any honest-minded citizen who sincerely desires to save the State from reproach to vote in his favor. The defeat of Judge Maynard is demanded by every consideration of public decency, and no man who realizes this necessity can afford to remain neutral or to go merely half way in the performance of his duty.

THE Chinese government has acted with great moderation in reference to our unjustifiable treatment of Chinese subjects in this country. In view of the brutal character of the Geary act something more than an indignant protest against its provisions might have been expected. It may be doubted whether any other government would have acquiesced in so flagrant a violation of all the principles of international comity. Quite probably the first impulse of the Chinese ministry was to resent our action with something more than a show of indignation. A better spirit, however, now prevails, and it is understood that the new Chinese minister has, in the name of his government, given distinct assurance that if some of the more offensive features of the Geary act are modified, and the time of registration extended, all Chinese residents in the United States will be instructed to comply with the registration provisions. It is to be hoped that the bill now before the House may be so framed as to meet the wishes of the Chinese government in this particular. The adoption of the policy proposed would no doubt lead in the end to co-operation on the part of the two governments in regulating and restricting Chinese immigration; and if its restriction is desirable, it is certainly wise that there should be perfect accord of purpose, to the end that causes of controversy may not arise in the future.

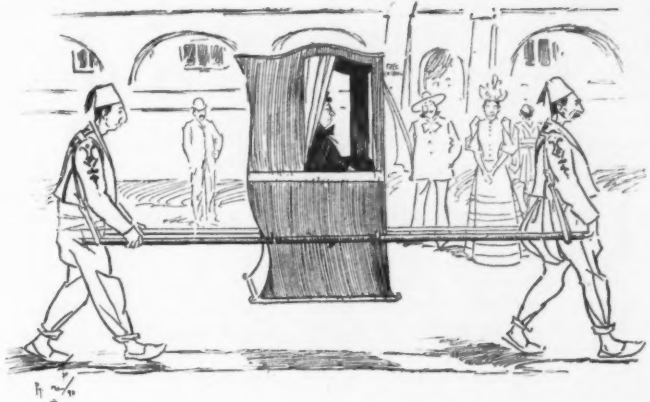




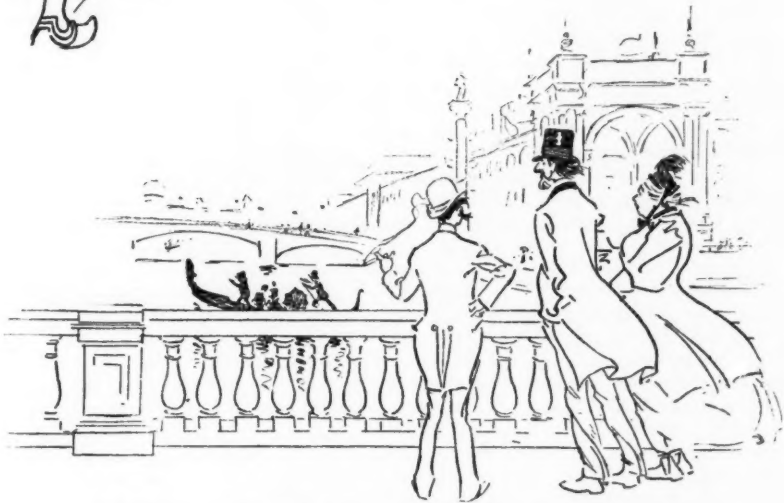




A PERFORMANCE AT THE TURKISH THEATRE.



A MEANS OF LOCOMOTION WHICH MAKES FRIENDS PERHAPS MORE ON ACCOUNT OF ITS PICTURESQUENESS THAN ITS CONVENIENCE.



AT CHICAGO—"I'VE SEEN A BETTER THING THAN THAT AT LONDON—  
'VENICE' AT OLYMPIA."



THE TURKISH CAFÉ IN THE MIDWAY.



PRUDENT PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN TO THE FAIR  
BEFORE BRING THEIR OWN LUNCHES.



THE "MAN FROM MECCA" IN THE CAIRO STREET.



IN THE GERMAN VILLAGE.



ON THE MIDWAY.



SKETCHING THE GREAT ZEIBEK.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.  
ITS HUMOROUS SIDE AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST, PHIL. MAY, OF THE LONDON "GRAPHIC."



## A NIGHT AT LAKE BELLECOUR.

By FRANCIS S. PALMER.

ON the west shore of Lake Bellecour there stretches out into the water a low, sandy point, partially covered with alder-bushes. Among these bushes, one September morning, three persons were standing—a slight girl of thirteen or fourteen, and two men. All three were intently listening. From far back on the Adirondack hills there was carried down to them a musical note—very low and faint, yet distinct.

One of the men, a young fellow dressed in a corduroy suit and having a rifle in his hands, spoke under his breath: "You're right, Robbins; it is the dogs."

Louder and louder came the baying of the hounds—a menacing sound to the life of the woods. When it is heard, the grouse fly into the evergreen trees and sit there bolt upright, motionless, listening and watching; the squirrels, scolding in subdued tones, scramble to their holes; with soft, quiet leaps the hares hurry to the thickets of cedar swamps; and if another deer hears the long-drawn note, it crouches down, trembling and still. But the deer the hounds are after rushes on heedless of noise; life depends on its swiftness, helped—as it thinks—by the instinct teaching it to baffle the dogs in water, and which too often brings it to the awaiting hunter's rifle.

"Now, Mr. Fearing," whispered Robbins, the guide, "if the deer takes to water near us, as likely 'twill, you an' Miss Florence keep quiet. We'll wait an' let it swim fur enough out so's I kin row 'twixt it an' shore."

"Very well; and, Robbins, if you can get me a good shot at it, I've ten dollars for you."

Suddenly, at a point on the shore some forty rods away, a slender, reddish animal broke from the woods and dashed, spluttering, into the water.

Robbins was just about to give the word for a rush to the boat—which, with its bow on the sand, lay close by—when something shot out from the bank near where the deer had taken to the water. "A Canuck in a dug-out!" exclaimed the guide. "I thought 'twas a log lying there. He'll spoil our fun, sure!"

He led the way to the boat; the young man and his sister got in and were rapidly rowed toward the deer. But they were too late; the man in the dug-out had already overtaken it. An axe lay at his feet, and seizing this he knocked the deer on the head as unceremoniously as he would have if it had been a barn-yard calf.

"There goes my ten dollars, curse him!" muttered the guide. The deer was yet in the water when he rowed alongside the dug-out.

Antoine Duprè, though big and strong, was not much more than a boy. He greeted the new-comers with a bland smile which made young Mr. Fearing still more vexed. "Confound you!" he broke out. "What do you mean by killing our deer?"

Robbins grasped the dead animal, and with a sudden pull tore it away from Antoine and drew it into the skiff. "Our dog drove it, an' we didn't need no help killin' it," he growled, as he rowed off with the game in his boat.

When the deer was snatched away from Antoine, his dug-out, being an unsteady craft, nearly upset. Yet he let the skiff move away without offering any remonstrance. He was slow of speech—especially English speech.

The girl thought her brother and the guide were behaving badly. "You know you shouldn't take the deer in that way!" she exclaimed, her face flushing. "Give it back to him!"

"Nonsense! He's only a stupid French-Canadian. Besides, it's the custom for the deer to go to the owner of the hounds driving it; you see he doesn't object. Anyhow, I shall keep it!"

Being powerless, she had to content herself with looking back at Antoine and calling out, "I'm very sorry!"

"How absurd, Florence!" her brother protested. "The fellow had no business to kill our deer; I meant to shoot it myself. He is the one who should make an apology."

As Antoine steadied the rocking dug-out, anger at such treatment began to take the place of mere astonishment. He had heard Noël Pettier, who was postmaster at the settlement, explain that a deer belonged to the man killing it, never mind whose hound drove it to water; and so this deer really belonged to him. He had opened his mouth to assert his rights, intending to ask for at least a quarter of the deer, at the very moment the girl looked back and called to him. This was a fresh surprise, and as

surprises always left him tongue-tied, he did not speak; he merely stared after her with his mouth still open. Then he paddled home.

The Duprè dwelling was a little log-shanty, having so much mud plastered between the logs and being banked so high with earth, that it looked like a dirty and very much patched sod-house. It stood in a clearing on the lake shore. The surrounding land, with the exception of a small garden, where grew onions and native tobacco in pungent fellowship, had been permitted to go back to pasture. But far back next to the woods, where the soil was newer and stronger, was seen the pink and white of buckwheat and the yellow of withering potato-vines. Around the shanty's one door the earth was trodden smooth and hard, save where persevering patches of chick-weed lived in a mossy tangle. Some logs lay near by, and from the end of one of these the next day's supply of wood was cut each evening. Asters and sun-flowers grew on the sunny side of the shanty, and the whole effect was one of neatness—but not of thrift.

It was a warm, still evening. After Antoine had had his supper of johnny-cake and milk, and had split up just enough wood to last for the next twenty-four hours, he lounged off, moving along a path which led through the woods and on to the lake. Having reached the end of the path, he stretched himself on the moss growing near the water's edge. Night brought no decrease of heat; the very gloom was thick and heavy and warm. Forest air, and water throbbled with life; swarms of insects were on wing; the night-hawks shot through the air with a rushing boom; the feet of little forest creatures—squirrels and mice—pattered on the dead leaves like rain; a startled hare beat the ground. Insects with long, oar-like legs skimmed the water; on almost every lily-pod was a little greenish-brown frog that croaked in a piping treble. Near Antoine's feet, where the moss and fallen leaves were blackened and curled by the ripples of the lake, muskrats—nervous, headlong little beasts—played and fought; and once a bittern waded by, not three yards away.

The mosquitoes were troublesome here on shore, and if he had had a boat Antoine would have paddled out on the lake to get away from them; but his father had taken the dug-out—the only boat on this shore—and gone down the lake to the settlement. He envied the deer which waded in the water and so escape the flies. The thought of deer made him remember the one he had killed that morning.

How he had been bullied! It seemed to him now that he would have paddled after them and made them give back the deer if the slender little mam'selle had not spoken so kindly. He recalled seeing her once before, when he was paddling by the Fearing island. The great hounds which looked so savage were playing around her, and she petted them and did not seem afraid, big and uncouth as the animals were,—almost as big and uncouth as he himself. These hounds, which the Fearings had brought for the September deer-hunting, were strange animals, tall and shaggy, the like of which had never been seen at Lake Bellecour. It was said they came from distant lands and cost vast sums.

He could see the lights at the Fearing cottage, which was built on a little rocky island rising from the water about a mile from shore. Now he heard voices, and at first thought they came from the island; but no, a row-boat was moving along near the shore. Soon it was not a dozen yards from where he lay. The man who was rowing dropped his oars, letting the boat float while he lit his pipe.

"So the Fearings hev turned ye off, Joe, an' ye've made up yer mind to get even. Well, how ye goin' to do it?"

"Their sendin' me off ain't worryin' me much," returned Joe, whose broad-shouldered bulk weighed down the boat's stern. "But, Rufe, I don't like the way they done it. I ain't no Canuck, to be spoke sharp to. So I'm a-goin' to fix 'em, an' now I'll show ye how." He took something from his pocket. "Can ye see that? That is a bottle o' fox-pizen. Foxes an' dogs is alike. Them folks to the islan' sets a sight by their dogs. See?"

"They'll be abed afore long," he went on. "Then you can row me to the islan'. 'Twon't take long. I'll learn 'em not to be so impudent!"

Rufe took up the oars, and the boat moved

ahead. That was all Antoine heard. Peering into the night he could make out the boat—a darker spot on the dark water.

He knew the big fellow in the stern—it was Joe Skutt, a guide whom the Fearings had discharged. Judging from his reputation Antoine had no doubt that Skutt's threat would be carried out. At first it seemed to the lad only a just retribution for the way he himself had been treated. Young Mr. Fearing ought to be well punished. He would like to meet him some day and give him a thrashing. But he didn't like to have the punishment fall on those dogs, of whom the little mam'selle had seemed so fond. When he remembered about her he was half ready to paddle to the island and put a stop to Joe's plans, only his father had the dug-out and would not be back till too late. Well, let it go. Young Fearing did need to learn a lesson in civility.

He lay on the moss, watching the night-hawks and bats flit through the air. How hot it was! and how the mosquitoes troubled one! He took off his boots and bathed his feet in the cool water. The mosquitoes attacked his ankles, they not being so hard to bite as his hands and face. He felt very uneasy; not even heat and mosquitoes were enough to account for it.

He got up with an impatient movement.

"I mus' get 'way from dese flies," he muttered, as if making his motives clear to himself. He threw off his blouse of brown overall stuff and laid it with his boots and hat at the base of a big tree. Then he waded in. The water was cold as compared with the air; but his big, warm body only enjoyed the chill which struck through shirt and overalls. He swam toward the island with long, noiseless strokes. His broad hands bore against the water as if they had been paddles.

Before he left the main land the last light shining through the windows of the Fearing cottage had gone out. When he reached the island and climbed ashore all was quiet. His bare feet made no noise as he crept up the steep path leading to a little plateau of rock where the cottage stood. A few yards away was the kennel in which the hounds were put at night. He moved across the rock quietly (not for worlds would he have these people discover him), sat down by the kennel and waited.

He had not been there long when there was a slight noise in the path from the landing. A moment later a figure came toward the kennel, and he recognized Joe Skutt. When Antoine rose to his feet Joe started back; but on seeing who it was, seemed reassured.

"Antoine Duprè," he whispered, "what ye doin' here? I hear that Fearing's folks took a deer from ye to-day. Guess neither on us don't love 'em much, eh?"

"Joe, I hearn ye talkin' 'bout piz'nin' dese dogs. I don't wan' ye to do it."

Joe thought a moment.

"Well, don't ye let on as how ye did or it'll be bad fur ye. Now, bein' a Canuck, Antoine, ye can take talk ef ye want to; but 's fur me, I'm mad, an' I'm goin' to do as I set out, an' no Canuck 's goin' to hinder."

He took something wrapped in paper from his coat pocket and turned toward the kennel.

Antoine did not know what to do. He did not want to wake the people in the cottage. After George Fearing's treatment of him he could not bear to have them learn he was befriending them. Joe must think his interest in the Fearings very strange. It could not be explained even to his own satisfaction, and he felt ashamed of being there. Another reason for his disliking to make a disturbance was that it was contrary to his ideas of honor to betray Skutt.

"What a crazy feller ye be, Antoine," whispered the man, "comin' here thinkin' to hinder me."

Antoine was already provoked at the situation, and this speech did not soothe him.

"No, I ain't crazy!" he growled in a tone very unlike his shy, good-natured self. "I come 'ere to stop ye, 'n' I'm a-goin' to!"

He seized Joe's shoulder roughly.

In a moment they were struggling across the level rock, straining and tugging. In the darkness they reeled over the steep side of a little ledge. As they fell several feet to the rock below Joe was on top. In falling they had crashed through a bush.

The dogs in the kennel heard the crash and began to bark. A window was thrown open in the cottage, and then Robbins was called and told to go and see what was the matter with the dogs. Joe Skutt, who had been listening breathlessly, waited no longer. He jumped up and slipped away to where Rufe was waiting in the boat. They paddled off quickly and silently.

Antoine lay under the ledge without moving. Robbins came out with a lantern and looked in the kennel. The dogs had stopped barking,

"Jest fightin' 'mong 'emselves," he muttered, and went sleepily off to bed again.

Toward morning it grew colder, and dense wreaths of mist floated over the water. The whistling of rapid wings told where sheldrakes were hurrying across the lake to their feeding-places, and from somewhere along the shore there sounded at intervals the guttural cry of a heron.

Before the others were up Robbins came to George Fearing's room and waked him. Later, when the family met on the piazza, the young man said to his father:

"Early this morning Robbins picked up some pieces of meat near the kennel. They are poisoned, and evidently were meant for our dogs. On the rocks below that little ledge he found Antoine Duprè, who lives in that shanty on the shore. He had fallen, cut his head, and was unconscious. When he came to he begged Robbins to row him home and say nothing about finding him here; but Robbins thought it his duty to tell me, though not till he had taken the fellow ashore. It is clear what he was here for. He was the one who killed our deer yesterday morning. He must have fancied himself injured because Robbins took it away from him, and so came here for revenge. Doubtless the hounds frightened him when they barked that time in the night, and in hurrying off he missed his way in the darkness and fell. There was probably a confederate in a boat who deserted him."

"Well, he's been punished enough," said the older man. "If I remembered him, he's only a boy. You'd better tell Robbins to say nothing about the poisoned meat."

"No wonder you think he was angry at the way you treated him!" exclaimed Florence. "But I don't believe he meant to poison the dogs. His face is too honest. I'm going to see him and ask him about it."

But for a long time Antoine avoided her with all the persistence of a guilty conscience.

## The Grotesque at the Fair.

To rub elbows with a throng of American pleasure-seekers is to be bored with respectability—that colorless respectability which results from the commonplace. Our composite origin counts for nothing. Climate or locality, wealth or culture, may breed a distinction, but without a difference. You may run the gamut from vulgarity to refinement, but you get only one quality of tone, and that has a decidedly every-day sort of a sound. We are too proper to be peculiar, interestingly peculiar. Not another nation, but there is in her crowds a flash of color, a bit of the picturesque, an element of the curious, a spice of the quaint. We are simply commonplace. That mass of American citizens who have gone to Chicago to see how the world is celebrating their discovery is like the child who has had his face washed till it shines, his hair brushed smooth, has been wriggled into an uncomfortably clean pinafore and told to be good. The individuality of the natural boy is choked in conventional propriety.

The artist or the author who wanders through the White City in search of the personally picturesque in character will return with his sketch-book almost empty and his ink-horn nearly full. But just here, where the realist fails in interesting material, the satirist and the caricaturist find their field. It is ever but a step from the commonplace to the grotesque. A slight twist of the fancy, a quick move of the hand, and uninteresting colorlessness springs into most amusing life. In the artist's exaggerations we realize traits and situations, dormant possibilities, of which we were lazily aware, but whose ridiculous peculiarities were before veiled by the mists of an ordinary existence.

It is this service of reanimation that Mr. Kemble has performed for us. He has galvanized commonness into life with the electric-like current of grotesque exaggeration. Not one of his sketches but has its foundation in a situation or circumstance commonly so hidden that we should pass it without comment, but which is no sooner touched with the pencil of caricature than we realize and appreciate the humor it possesses.

Any study of the grotesque at the fair turns us at once to that particular quarter which is in itself a burlesque, and not always a clever one; a huge caricature of the greater exposition. A theme much in the public mouth is the moral demands of the Midway. If the evils of that incongruous but interesting locality are all that the lady managers would lead us to believe from their appeals and remonstrances, they would certainly be wise to adopt the artist's suggestion when they make their progresses. But where is the immorality? It is time to



revive the old French proverb: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

The man-about-town from New York or Chicago may become geographically perplexed as he gazes at the international beauty show; the visitor at the Persian palace may marvel at the agility of two hundred pounds of femininity; the spectator at the Turkish theatre or in the Cairo street may watch with wonder the contortions of the "*danse du ventre.*" softened and modified to suit American proprieties; but what have we more than a glimpse of other people's amusements, ethnologically instructive, if not always aesthetically agreeable? But right here respectable America makes itself ridiculous. Old Uncle Seth nudges his nephew Rusticity; the collegian winks at the clubman as each, with the broadening smile attaching to forbidden pleasures, ventures the suggestive query: "Been to see the dancing-girls?"

To indulge in the delights of the Midway necessitates a supply of silver that ought to satisfy the Senate. Some clever calculator, in repentant retrospect, has estimated that thirty-six dollars are required barely to admit you to these various exhibits. But were we to judge from general report, we should suppose that the only way to escape financial ruin would be to padlock one's pocket, stop the ears with Ulysses's anti-siren wax, close the eyes, and secure a blind man's cur to lead you from the enticements of the grasping Oriental, the musical Teuton, or the keen-eyed American puller-in.

The expenditures on the Plaisance are, in the general imagination, as nothing when compared with the bankruptcy that threatens one who surrenders himself to the seductiveness of the Columbian cuisine; and the general imagination is not altogether in error. Yet our friend who has chanced upon the biggest thing at the fair, in the quaintly-appointed quarters of an old English inn, is not so grotesque in his remonstrant surprise as are his surroundings in their incongruity. First, he is served by a French waiter; he has ordered that ordinary English luncheon—a cut of cold lamb with salad—only to learn that he cannot have it; his pewter tankard of bitter develops into bottled Bass in a Milwaukee beer-mug, and his desire for the crowning plum-tart has ended in the substitute of American pie. His financial surprise is great, but his gastronomic astonishment is greater.

In practical matters the American may objectingly interest, but let his nature touch the ideal, and he amuses. There is no more pronounced element of the grotesque at the fair than our commonplace, matter-of-fact compatriot, sheepishly sucking sentiment from a gondola. Mrs. Stout has seen the rainbow-hued fleet gliding noiselessly through the canals, pushing their curved prows out from the bridge shadows into the molten gold of the illuminated basin, or lazily threading their way among the sedge-bordered islands of the lagoons. She has thought these gondolas (she is particular as to accent) mighty nice, or real sweet, as the case may be, and she has resolved to intrust herself to those queer Italians, with a long "I." She would emphatically disavow any motive other than the novelty of the craft, yet there is at the bottom of her heart the real sentiment of the experience; and had she escaped her immersion, as ludicrous as it is impossible, her spirit might have yielded to the charm of its environment, and soared to heights as sublime as the topmost car of the stalled Ferris wheel.

GEORGE E. ELIOT.

## Autumn in the Metropolis.

THE town is as lively as only New York can be in autumn. Now the people who make metropolitan life what it is—many-sided and kaleidoscopic—have returned from Europe, and from mountain slope and seaside, and the World's Fair. They are all glad to get back to this great town of ours—to Vanity Fair, "wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity." Here are the houses, lands, places, honors, preferments, gold and silver; here, too, are the shops, theatres, opera-houses, clubs, and delights of all sorts. Many a man and woman feels like an exile when away from this great fair.

There is a certain indescribable fascination about metropolitan life. There is a kind of stimulus in the noise and bustle and confusion. To city people born and bred the air is a pervading champagne, dry and delicious and sparkling, every draught of which sends the blood coursing more swiftly through the veins. Thus, the thorough-going New-Yorker can sympathize with Dr. Johnson, who thought Fleet Street more attractive than any scene in field or woodland. "Why, sir," said the doctor, to a person who did not, or could not, see the beauty of the street, "why, sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance."

So it happens that, when autumn days come

to New York, upper Broadway presents a very animated appearance. Any afternoon, in spring or fall, this great thoroughfare from Fourteenth Street to the Metropolitan Opera House building is a sight worth seeing. It is the popular promenading-ground in the city. This is the place to which, when the stranger comes to town and wants to see the passing show, he is first taken. As he strolls up Broadway between three and five o'clock he meets a procession of the best-dressed, best-groomed men and women in the United States. Here he will see the most varieties of outwardly prosperous humanity to be found this side of the boulevards of Paris. There are, in the moving throng, somebodies and nobodies, people in a "set" and people out of all sets, men of brains and no money, men with money but no brains; the women, old and young, have an air and style set off by dress, and it is by this air and style that New-Yorkers judge the women-folk of other cities.

The shop windows on the avenues show the change that is taking place. Those of the dry-goods merchant are rendered attractive to the feminine eye by a display of "fall styles." Many of them advertise bargains, and thousands of bargain-hunters now swarm to these "sacrifice sales," or around the bargain-counters. Why are so many women possessed with the burning desire to obtain something—it does not matter what—"below cost"? After a few weeks' absence from the city the shoppers are more eager than ever to try their luck and patience.

He who runs may read that the shopping season is at hand. The shopping district, like many other branches of trade, is steadily creeping up town. In Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets and along Broadway above Ninth Street are shops that attract the crowds from morning till night. Business is encroaching on Fifth Avenue, and many private residences have been converted into shops, and many have been torn down and in their places have arisen elegant buildings for trade. Few people have any correct idea of the amount of business done and the money represented by the merchants and business men located in the shopping district. If the figures were put at four hundred millions, they might be regarded as exaggerations, but they cannot be far out of the way. And the business is increasing every year at a rapid rate.

About this time of the year expect, as the old almanacs used to say, to see fall flowers in the florists' windows. The demand for flowers has never been greater than during the present season. The business has grown fully one hundred per cent. within the past five years. It is now the fashion to use flowers as gifts on all occasions as well as for decorative purposes at weddings, funerals, receptions, dinner-parties, and so forth. The result is that New-Yorkers pay millions of dollars annually for their fashion and fancy.

Just now in-door flowers are rather scarce and expensive. Consequently, many of the wild flowers of autumn are at present seen in the florists' windows, to the exclusion of the rose, which is meagrely represented. Among these are China asters, xenias, dahlias, helianthus, yellow daisies, and golden rod. The queen of the autumn flowers is the chrysanthemum, which has attained a very wide favor in a short time. Her reign will soon begin.

Another sure sign of autumn in town is the re-appearance of the street vender with some new article. After remaining out of sight and quiet all summer long, he suddenly becomes omnipresent and extremely noisy. He is met with on almost every corner, and he makes his presence known wherever he may be. The stock in trade of these sidewalk merchants ranges from candy and paper to liquid paints and razors. At this season the tribe of toy "fakers" exhibit, with pardonable pride and with an outburst of eloquence, the latest kind of mechanical device. They expect to capture the fancies and the pennies of the children, but I have seen men with bald heads and gray beards stand on the sidewalk and really enjoy the antics of a tin frog. The street vendors reap their harvest just before the holidays.

There are trades to which autumn comes as a kind of relief, although some trades remain good all the year round. Frosty weather forces the ice-man into involuntary seclusion, but the plumber, who has been spending his hard-earned wealth at summer resorts, now appears with more ingenious traps for the winter. Low-cut and russet shoes disappear from the shoe-dealers' windows, and in their places are found big, heavy Bluchers and shoes with cork soles that suggest snow and slush and muddy streets. Light-colored hats are "called in," and Dunlap reminds us that crowns are higher and brims broader this season than they were last year.

To the riding-schools and academies autumn

brings men and women, bright-eyed boys and girls, eager for exercise. During the summer most of the schools are closed, and few equestrians are to be seen on the bridle-path in Central Park. Evening classes are now formed, and music rides begin about the middle of October. The road classes are out every morning and afternoon until the snow flies. When the weather permits, moonlight rides often take the place of the evening in-door rides. What could be more tempting, more exhilarating, than this ride on horseback in the beautiful autumn season? The cool, crisp, bracing air is a magic tonic, and health and recreation follow in its train. The wrists and arms are strengthened, muscles are hardened, joints limbered, and color comes to the cheeks.

The one place where most New-Yorkers see the grand pageant of autumn, and perhaps the only place where they see the rich and vivid hues of the season, is in Central Park. Here are as broad stretches of green as the country can show, and here the many kinds of trees take on brilliant autumnal colors. But the average New-Yorker has an eye only to the "sights," which means, usually, that he cares to see the gay parade and passing show.

The fall driving season is now open, and the procession of fine horses and stylish equipages cannot be matched by any other city in the United States. The most interesting time to take in the show is in the afternoon, between three and five. Go to the entrance of Central Park and there watch the rolling stream as it moves by—an almost unbroken line of turn-outs for over two hours. It is one of the signs of the times and of autumn. This wonderful pageant strikes the stranger in town even more forcibly than do the tall buildings, because it is visible and tangible evidence of the wealth, luxury and prosperity prevalent in our midst.

This daily procession of well-dressed people in carriages is an index of the change that is taking place. Every one means a large income. The carriage or trap will cost from five hundred to one thousand dollars, while the value of the horses will range from five hundred to five thousand dollars apiece, and even five figures. Then, there is to be added the expense of keeping the outfit, and the coachman's wages. Perhaps Carlyle's sarcastic definition of an English gentleman—a man who keeps a gig—may yet come to include New York gentlemen.

When the driving season is at its height thousands of persons "line up" on the sidewalk, and there examine critically and comment cynically upon the passing show. In some places the grand pageant passes between rows of sight-seers. There are crowds at the entrance or plaza of Central Park, along the East drive, at the Obelisk, Mount St. Vincent, and at Riverside drive. The East drive suggests scenes that are familiar in Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne. Those who have fast horses take a spin "up the road" above the Harlem River. They like to pass and give one another the dust; they stop at the wayside inns of Gabe Case and Judge Smith, and perhaps, on their return to the city, dine at McGowan's Pass restaurant or the Casino in the park.

The real lover of autumn will follow her to the rocky suburbs and to woodland, where he will reap "the harvest of a quiet eye." He will see everywhere unvaried tints and colors—the deep crimson of the maple, the scarlet sassafras, the yellow of the hickory and the chestnut, and crimson creepers cover the rocks and old stone walls. Boldly the golden rods flaunt their gay banners in field and woodland. And yet, there are signs about New York that show, as plainly as golden rod, that autumn days are here.

L. J. VANCE.

## The Columbian Exposition.

### Interior of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

This is the largest building of the kind ever erected. Before the exhibits were put in the German or the Russian or the French army might have been mobilized on the immense floor. In the space and underneath the roof a city might be compactly built with a population sufficiently large to justify the Postmaster-General in extending to it the free-delivery system. In length it is 1,687 feet, and in width 787 feet. The floor alone consumed more than 3,000,000 feet of lumber, and five car-loads of nails were needed to fasten this in place. It cost \$1,500,000, and when some changes from the original plans were decided upon, the carpentry work alone cost \$198,000. These figures convey a concrete idea of the immensity of this structure, which was designed by Mr. George B. Post, of New York, and roofed by Mr. E. C. Shankland, of Chicago. To roof so large a building was a great engineering triumph; to roof it as Mr.

Shankland did was also an artistic achievement of the highest order, for he has made these great iron trusses absolutely graceful and beautiful. If any other engineer working in iron has done as much, I am not aware of the fact. It is pleasant to record the fact that Mr. Shankland is a young man, every inch an American and a product of American technical schools, having been graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy in New York.

This building was intended to accommodate all of the departments coming under the very comprehensive head of manufactures and liberal arts. So great, however, was the demand made upon the space, that several of the sections of liberal arts had to be placed in a building erected as a second thought and called the Anthropological building.

Exhibitors were requested to send in with their applications for space diagrams and dimensions of their proposed exhibits. This enabled the installation officers to arrange the exhibits harmoniously. The splendor of the exhibits was further secured by offering a medal of honor to the most artistic display in each group. This brought about a generous rivalry which in its turn worked wonderfully well. The competition extended among nearly all the nations of the earth, the States of the American Union, and the great private firms. In each foreign section there is a pavilion, and some of these are very beautiful. The space at my disposal is so small that I can only mention some of these pavilions briefly. The German pavilion was built in Munich and brought over in pieces in boxes. The exterior architecture is a Renaissance of the sixteenth century. One of the rooms is modeled after a reception-room in the imperial palace in Berlin, and another is fashioned after the famous conceit of King Ludwig of Bavaria. The commissioners use the pavilion chiefly to exhibit Gobelin tapestries and fine furniture. The English pavilion is an exact reproduction of the dining-room of Hatfield House, one of the seats of the Marquis of Salisbury. Hatfield House is considered to be the best specimen of Elizabethan architecture extant, and has belonged to the Cecils since its erection; and beneath the richly paneled ceiling of the dining-room, the carvings of which tell the story of the Cecils from the tenth century, both Queen Elizabeth and her royal father took their daily meals. A visitor to this English pavilion will want to furbish up his English history a bit, so as to thoroughly enjoy all that he will see. The French section is just across from the German, and is in every way thoroughly artistic.

The Russian and Austrian pavilions have already been described in these columns. Both have attracted attention because of their peculiar national characteristics and the beauty and variety of their exhibits. The Japanese pavilion fronts on the main aisle, known as Columbia Avenue, and is as curious in its construction as the Hoo-den erected on the Wooded Island. This also was made at home and was brought here in sections. It is composed wholly of hand-carved native hard woods with metal ornaments. This pavilion is filled with works of art, bric-à-brac, and other curious artistic specimens of Japanese handiwork. This is without doubt one of the most interesting, thoroughly artistic, and at the same time most costly, exhibits at the fair. I should vote, if I were a judge, that to the Japanese the medal of honor in the group of nations should go. The Siamese pavilion is twenty-six feet square and thirty-two feet high. The façade is covered with gold leaf. The Siamese exhibit has proved specially interesting because of the prominence into which the country has been drawn by its difficulty with France.

The interior of this great building is most elaborately decorated. Mr. Frank Millet, who had the selection of the artists who did such work, chose from the very best for this, and in it we see specimens of painting by Melchers, McEwen, Alden Weir, Robert Reid, Simmons, Kenyon Cox, Carroll Beckwith, C. S. Reinhardt, and E. H. Blasfield. The sculpture, principally in bass-relief, is by Karl Bitter.

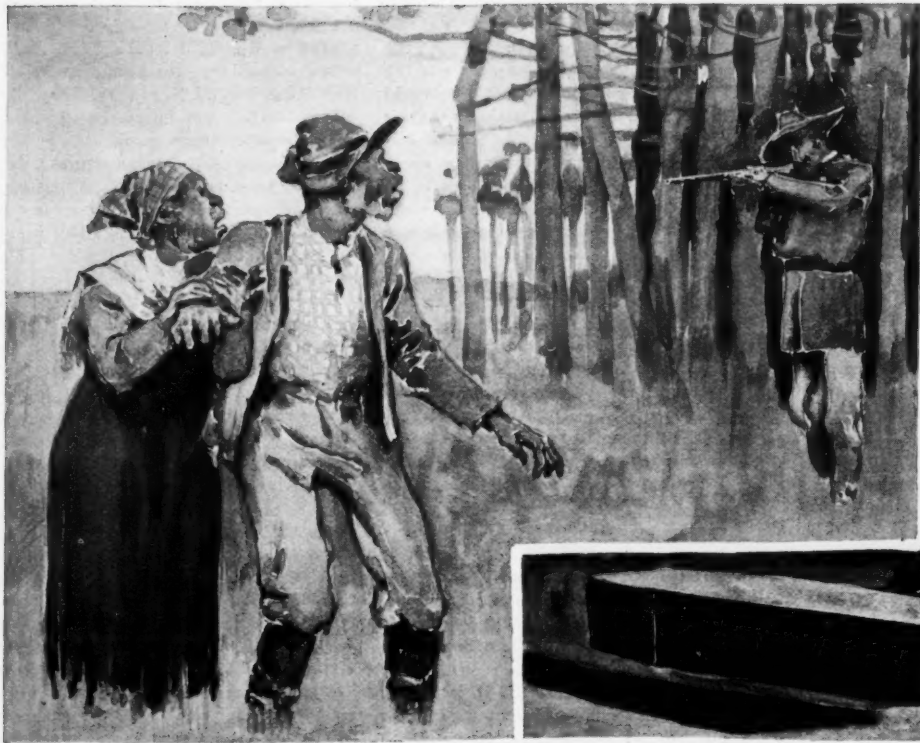
PHILIP POINDEXTE.

### October.

PENSIVE, the silent woods she slowly treads,  
That erst with songs of birds melodious streamed.  
Her calm, gray eye where love was wont to dwell  
The light of reason now alone informs;  
Past is her blushing spring—her summer gone—  
Those fervid days that rioted in life,  
Which through her burning veins tumultuous rushed  
And blossomed into being; now o'er her path  
The bee intoxicate no longer sails,  
And hushed the insect world enshrouded lies;  
Save where in sunny nooks the grasshopper  
Belated still remains, and from her step,  
Up through the stilly air, astonished leaps.  
Reached the high slope—she turns one last, long look  
On her departing joys; then slow descends,  
And nature's passion, like a dream, is past.

EMMA THORNTON.





SHOT-GUN QUARANTINE.



BURIAL AT NIGHT.



REFUGEE CAMP NEAR BRUNSWICK.



IMPROVISED HOSPITAL.

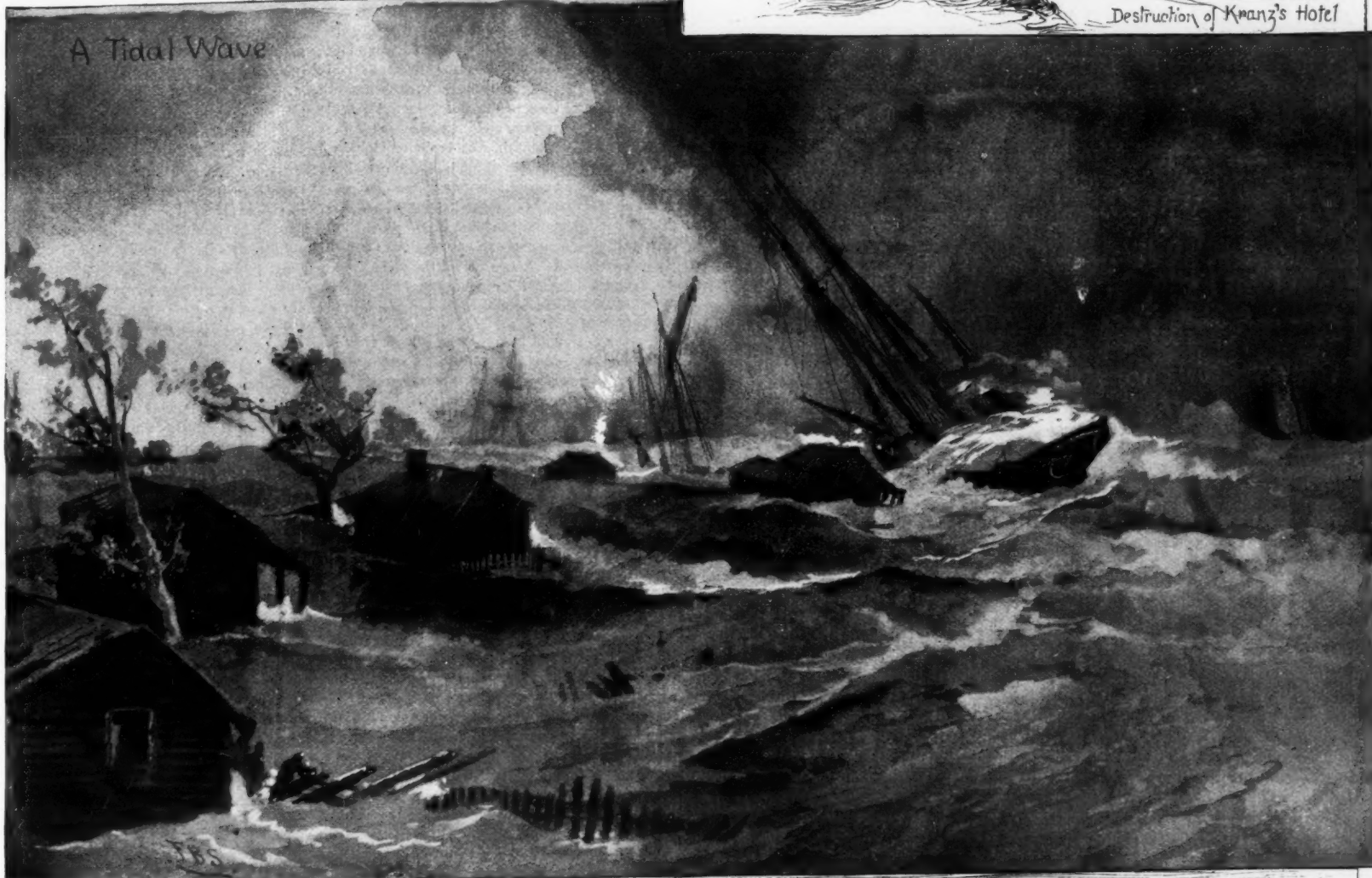




A home Overwhelmed.



Grand Isle.  
Destruction of Kranz's Hotel



A Tidal Wave



Overflowing of Quarantine Station  
Chandeleur Island.



Chinese  
Shrimp Fishers Camp.

Burial of  
the dead  
in trenches.

THE RECENT DEVASTATING STORM ON THE GULF COASTS OF LOUISIANA AND MISSISSIPPI BY WHICH OVER TWO THOUSAND LIVES WERE LOST.  
DRAWN BY FRED. B. SCHELL AND E. J. MEEKER FROM SKETCHES BY L. D. SAMPELL.—[SEE PAGE 270.]



## THE RECENT STORM ON THE GULF COAST.

THE greatest storm that ever visited the southern United States swept along the gulf coasts of Louisiana and Mississippi Sunday night, October 1st, and has left great, cruel tooth-marks that will show upon that fair country for years to come. A low estimate of the loss of life on the Louisiana coast is fifteen hundred souls, all residents of well-populated settlements. When a full accounting is taken of the fishermen, oystermen, and other seafarers who were on the waters, and the luggermen, moss-gatherers, swamper, and hunters who dwelt in or near the salt marshes, the total may be a thousand more.

The storm was entirely unheralded. Sunday was a typical fall day in New Orleans—a morning bright and warm and bland. The afternoon brought on intermittent showers of chilling rain, and the dusk a cold, penetrating down-pour. At ten o'clock at night the streets were flooded and deserted; at twelve old Pluvius gave an extra tip to his water-jars, and relentless Boreas opened wide the caves of the wind. It was impossible for a pedestrian to keep upon his feet in the face of the gale, blowing at sixty miles an hour, and the great sheets of falling water. There were some who had experienced a harder blow, others had known as great a quantity of rainfall, but no one had ever seen such a wild carnival of all the elements. The city prepared for the worst, and spent the small hours of the night in fear and trembling.

Monday morning the sun rose bright to greet a great city venturing forth in trepidation to hear the worst and face the countless ravages of the destroyer.

Fortunately but one life was lost in the city, but scores of trees and fences, and some few tumble-down shanties, were prostrated. Vessels on the river were blown hither and thither and several capsized.

This was the sum-total of what was learned of the storm Monday, but the good people of the city were in a state of fearful uncertainty. What of those who were upon the water? What of those relatives and friends who had taken steam-boat or train for a day's excursion, and had not returned at night? What of the people in open and less protected places than New Orleans, where the wind reached a velocity of twice sixty miles an hour, and who lived in a region where the waters of the gulf rose in a huge tidal wave ten feet high to sweep over and complete the work of death and devastation?

The first meagre news from the country south reached New Orleans on Tuesday, the 3d. Telegraph wires were down, and the first tidings were brought by several storm-tossed and wounded men who had weathered the furies and then had made the long and tortuous journey to the city. The two morning newspapers, the *Times-Democrat* and the *Picayune*, immediately provisioned relief boats and sent them to the rescue. A public meeting was called to devise ways and means to succor the starving and destitute people and bury the dead; and the Red Cross Society also, of which Miss Barton is the national head, was soon actively at work. Many were known to be suffering from thirst and devouring dead animals to keep from starving.

The Louisiana coast line (one hundred miles below New Orleans) is mostly low sea-marsh, with here and there an elevation where the land rises like an island in a sea of waste. In the bays and inlets along the shore are many islands. Outside the above the only land worthy the name in the great expanse of southeastern Louisiana is the rich alluvial land forming the banks of the Mississippi River. For fifty miles on either side the river below the city, is a fine country containing some of the largest rice plantations and orange groves in the State; below that, for another fifty miles, is marsh, forming the delta of the "Father of Waters." One-half the region below New Orleans is devastated, while the area to the west of the river's mouth is completely ruined and several thousand lives were lost.

The first reports of the storm came from the town of Pointe-a-la-Hache, fifty miles down the river from New Orleans. The place is in ruins and the people worn out and sick and destitute from the ravages of the storm. At ten o'clock Sunday night the wind was blowing a gale there and the rain falling in torrents. By eleven o'clock the water reached the door-sills of the houses. At one o'clock Monday morning the storm was at its height. The wind reached a velocity never before equaled in this State. It raged for four or five hours, wrecking homes, magnificent plantations, and destroying life. Among the buildings destroyed were the Catholic church and the court-house. The orange

crop was completely ruined, the nearly matured fruit being swept away, and the rice crop, which had been partly harvested, was entirely swept into the river. The growing sugar-cane has been greatly damaged. A conservative estimate places the monetary loss in the vicinity of Pointe-a-la-Hache at one million dollars. Ex-Governor Warmoth's Magnolia Plantation is damaged to the extent of thirty thousand dollars.

Shell Beach, southeast of New Orleans on the shores of Lake Borgne, was completely wiped out of existence. Seventeen people lost their lives there. One of the principal sources of loss, by the way, in the area below New Orleans, was the drowning of live stock; cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs alike perishing by the hundreds. In some places the stench arising from decaying carcasses was unbearable.

Bohemia, just below Pointe-a-la-Hache, was completely obliterated; one hundred houses disappeared as if by magic, and there is scarcely a person who is not injured, but there was no loss of life. The farther down the river one goes the more terrible the evidence of the storm. At a place called Happy Jack, on the west bank of the river, the story is the same; homes, crops, all a total wreck. The people have nothing left to eat, and no clothes to wear but the rags that were not blown from their bodies. Fortunately the region at the mouth of the river is sparsely populated. The country thereabouts looks as though a Kansas cyclone had struck it, and if there was no loss of life it is because there were no inhabitants. At Fort Jackson the water rose so high in the river that boats were carried over the levee banks and then floated upon an angry flood many miles in breadth.

The water in the Mississippi rose nine feet in the space of two hours, but the gulf coast was inundated by a tidal wave fifteen feet high in as many minutes.

At Grand Isle, on the coast west of the delta of the river, the wind blew at a velocity of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. If the storm was terrible along in the region just described, its ravages appear as nothing when the tale of an island called Cheniere Caminada is told. There more than two-thirds of a population of fifteen hundred are dead. They lived on a barren island of sand. They had no trees in which to find a haven of refuge, and every stick that the husbandmen had raised above the surface of the ground was leveled flat with the plain. When their houses were destroyed those who were not crushed by falling timbers or drowned, and had clung to some floating object, had no chance remaining for their lives. There was no land upon which they could be cast and gain a foothold, nothing but a desolate sea-marsh in which to perish; or if their extemporized rafts failed to lodge there among the reeds and seaweed, the next moment they were carried with the speed of lightning back upon the bosom of the receding tide, over their once happy homes, and out into the relentless maw of the cruel sea. Most of the people on Cheniere Caminada were engaged in the shrimp and oyster business. They were a cosmopolitan people, mostly Austrians, Italians, Chinamen, and Malays, and a few negroes. They were a law-abiding, church-going, and peaceable people. Out of two hundred of their queer, Oriental, pink-sailed little fishing-boats, called luggers, but one lived to bring the sad tale to New Orleans. Their crews, of course, went down with them.

The first intelligent account of the night of horror and the wind of death was given by two stalwart young mechanics who had gone to the island to construct a school-house. When they found the gale was increasing they saw that their refuge was insecure, and concluded to seek safety elsewhere. They climbed to the roof of the house, but soon found themselves floating away with it. As they passed a house that still held out against the storm, and in which they saw a light burning, they swam to it and were admitted. The storm becoming worse, and the new refuge beginning to shake and quiver, it became evident that it must soon go to pieces. There were thirty persons in the house, huddled together and thoroughly frightened. The roof was being torn away, and as the rafters began to fall the two young men determined to seek safety elsewhere. They pointed out the danger to the others, but it was impossible to induce them to leave, and they remained huddled in a corner, praying. Within ten minutes the house caved in, and the thirty men were buried as if in a tomb. The two young men escaped by swimming to the only tree that withstood the ravages of the tempest. At one time during the night the waves were so high that they dashed over the top of the

tree, and it required the strength of an athlete to keep from being swept away. When the men were able to get down and walk around (they had been in a perilous position seven hours) over a thousand bodies were found. Here and there a few bricks, or other non-floatable articles, showed where a house had stood. The few survivors of the disaster collected, and it was decided that the first thing to do was to bury the dead. The bodies had been so beaten by the waves and crushed by timbers that their faces were mangled out of all semblance to humanity. Coffins and separate graves were out of the question, so the bodies were piled in trenches just as they were found, unshrouded, unknelt, and uncoffined. There were but three hundred exhausted and suffering survivors to accomplish this tender office. Nearly all the children and women perished.

At Grand Isle, a larger strip of sand, ten miles long and one mile wide, a few miles farther east and less exposed than Cheniere Caminada, the loss was not so great. All the houses were destroyed. This island is a noted summer bathing resort, and owes its escape from total annihilation to a series of sand-bars running parallel with the island and extending out into the gulf, which prevented the tidal wave from spending its full force. As it was, the Kranz and Ocean Club hotels were entirely wrecked. The steamer *Joe Webre*, over one hundred feet in length, was broken to pieces. There were six hundred and fifty persons on Grand Isle, of whom twenty-five were killed, and most of the remainder wounded. At Fort Livingston ten Manila men and four white men perished. Of the Chinese colony on Bayou Andre forty were killed. Not a trace of the place could be found. These Chinamen were engaged in packing shrimp for the San Francisco and Chinese markets.

In the region of Bayou Cook all is a chaotic mass, suggestive of disaster, death, and decay. All around are great masses of fermenting seaweed, mingled with driftwood and household furniture, and the carcasses of animals, emitting the most sickening odors. One hundred persons are dead there. The same may be said of Bayous Lafond, Andre, Challon, and Grand, making the mortality list for the Louisiana coast nearly two thousand. A three-masted lumber-laden schooner was driven three miles inland and left high and dry when the waters subsided. A large sperm-whale and a number of porpoises were washed up on the land.

The storm on the Mississippi coast was almost as fierce as in her sister State. Many miles of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad track between New Orleans and Bay St. Louis, the first Mississippi town to the northeast, were destroyed. The summer-resort towns on Mississippi Sound were all inundated and more or less roughly used. Of the hundreds of piers and bath-houses along the sixty miles of coast not over half a dozen remain. Scores of magnificent magnolia and beautiful live-oak trees were uprooted, and many houses suffered damage. Many lives were lost, mostly through the capsizing of vessels.

Ten miles across and separating Mississippi Sound from the gulf proper, there is a string of low-lying islands, upon which the storm vented its greatest fury. At Chandeleur, nearest the Louisiana coast, the light-house and the national quarantine station were entirely blown down, and one hundred people were drowned. At Cat Island seventy-five bodies were found. At the next, Ship Island, where large seagoing vessels lie to load lumber from the adjacent coast, ten ships were turned bottom up or dismantled. The other islands, Horn, Round, Petit Bois, and Dauphin, were storm-swept and more or less roughly treated. The great iron railroad bridges over Bay St. Louis and over Back Bay at Biloxi were demolished. The former was two miles long.

At Biloxi the canning industry suffered a loss of one hundred thousand dollars, factories, wharves, and boats all being destroyed. Sunday evening over one hundred working schooners were anchored at Biloxi; Monday morning they were wrecks along the shore. The storm was felt as far east of New Orleans as it was south and southwest. At Mobile, one hundred miles east of the Crescent City, twenty lives were lost.

The storm is unprecedented in the history of the South. In August, 1888, an equinoctial gale did much damage to crops; in 1856 Last Island, on the southwest coast of Louisiana, was destroyed, and two hundred and fifty New Orleans society people who were sojourning at that then popular summer resort were drowned; in 1811 this section was visited by a hurricane, which was very destructive; but all other storms were but mere bagatelles when compared to that of the first of this month.

LORELLARD D. SAMPELL.  
NEW ORLEANS, October 12th, 1893.

## A Foreigner's View of the World's Fair.

As a foreigner I feel that my right to be grateful is even more complete than that of the Americans themselves. For myself, and for all the English, I must in part express the deep sense of gratitude to America which inevitably makes itself felt. To attempt to detract from the Chicago fair would be as absurd as to throw sand at its peerless white palaces from the neighboring shore. Indeed, the only criticism I have heard proceeded from some Americans who had not been beyond the reach of their own railways, and whose knowledge of the world was at best partial and incomplete. One hears them say that this or that is a "fake" when exact reproductions of bits of foreign countries are given.

Absurd! The fair compels. It overwhelms. It fairly oppresses with its grandeur, beauty, and scope. Its princely spaces, the magnificence of its conception, and its endless palaces flood the whole mind with an admiration and respect which tie up the useless tongue and enforce silence. No man has ever told of this fair. A thousand incompetents have bungled the description of it, and missed the infinite soul of it. The tiresome reproducing of the catalogues is useless. Statistics are absurd. The fair is a world of huge, overwhelming impressions; the realizing of the wildest dreams of regal splendor. All that science, religion, and art have done to force the human fancy toward ideal beauty and grandeur have been crystallized into form by the magic of some great minds. Rome, Athens, Assyria, Egypt, the Paris Exposition—all are dwarfed to insignificance. Antiquity knew nothing like this. Some of us are aware of what the Parthenon and the Temple of Jupiter at Athens were like; we have studied the possible aspects of the Roman Forum; but all the ancient temples that could be reproduced would not, if grouped here, compare with what we now see. It is a matter for the soul rather than the mind—to be felt, not understood; something that gives a home to the grandest aspirations—that cries out to the heart while it tells of the awful and wonderful future of man. It simply spreads itself in mighty grandeur and says "Look!" It does not allow you to use a catalogue, or to be microscopic, or to ask questions, or to be small or confined; it says "Be wide, be great, be silent—only look, and look, and let impressions flow in upon you and teach you through the wordless methods by which the soul is taught!" Only he who has thus contemplated it has experienced some of its education.

My first glimpse from the railway was that of a huge dome hung in mid-air, floating in a bluish haze, and with its huge gold bosses dully red under a sullen sun, like molten shields. But as I afterward approached by water the City-of-the-Dream began to outline from the vague, and we came nearer to what appeared like a huge temple—like the house of the Athenian Zeus ten times enlarged. And through its Corinthian columns were the great reception arches on which America, in simple and superb language, dedicates this phantom vision to the early heroes whose toils and perils manifold gave this great heritage.

Every yard, as the boat draws near, the spectator becomes more and more impressed. Under the stunted arches one catches a glimpse of a lake, a high pedestal, and the lower part of a great gold figure. It is not well to see the feet of a god; but of this one it is well. The glimpse creates hunger, for one sees that the figure within the city must be immense and stately. Visions of the Colossus at Rhodes and the great bronze figures at Rome flit through the mind. We hurry through the wide arches and catch a quick impression of endless white palaces, vast spaces, and wide waters. And here, near us, in an Italian lake, stands the great gold figure with its back to us, and with its pedestal plunged deep in the waters. There she stands. Erect, barchanded, clothed in robes like those of Terry's *Portia*. Her arms are bare and both uplifted—spread widely, gracefully, generously, with a world of benignity in them—the shoulders thrown back, and the whole figure full of a stately grandeur that is at the same time sweet, womanly, uncalculating, bountiful, colossal—the pose of the queenly giver of gifts.

This Columbia is, for me, made of solid gold. Perhaps she stands a hundred feet high—I don't know, for I ask no questions and abhor catalogues. But for magnificence of conception this wonderful draped figure realizes every wandering fancy concerning the possible glories of the ancient world. She faces her guests—her guests of the whole world—and she gives it all—the whole thing—divinely.

And I am one of the guests, and I am grateful.  
STINSON JARVIS.



## The Lessons of the Yacht-Races.

THE great contests are over. Perhaps the Cup has taken out naturalization-papers and abandoned all idea of being cosmopolitan. But now that we have time to breathe, let us consider. Those who failed to witness the races have been placed at a disadvantage when patriotism was more considered than facts, and when reporters failed to discern the more inconspicuous points which so often decide everything in crack yacht-racing. While, therefore, dealing shortly with some of these, I wish to admit that I do so as a foreigner, whose desire has been that the boat of his own country should win on all points. Naturally, in giving a correct account, my praise for the American and her handling is not entirely to my liking, and if I have to criticise the handling of the English yacht it is to me a highly unpleasant task. My object is not to make excuses for *Valkyrie*—not to patch up the past, but to provide for the future.

It is not to be asserted that with different handling *Valkyrie* would have won the cup, because in beam or quarterly breezes the model of *Vigilant* develops a power that is simply enormous; but I do state that if *Valkyrie* had had skipper and crew as good as *Vigilant* and a full set of American-cut headsails she would have won at least two of the races.

The facts are beyond question. In the first completed race (Saturday) the yachts were sent off to a buoy intended to be fifteen miles straight to leeward. Owing to a shift, they had a leading wind both going and returning. During most of the trip out there was a very light breeze, which was quarterly during most of the time. *Vigilant* carried her balloon-jib as it should be—with the sheets slacked off and the whole huge sail ballooning and lifting her lightly along in the proper way. But, following the almost invariable English mistake, *Valkyrie* had this sail hauled in very flat, and she dragged on in a lifeless way, losing ground steadily. Again, on the same passage, when the light wind hauled forward of abeam *Vigilant* instantly set her jib and foresail, and these did good work in company with the big jib-topsail. But *Valkyrie* did not adopt this quick and valuable alteration, and lost still more time by her neglect. She, however, picked up four or five minutes while chasing *Vigilant* home in the fresher breeze; which gain was once more lost in the calm experienced in the last mile, after *Vigilant* had finished. The surprising speed here shown and the gain she made were not credited to her in the newspapers—the official times as taken at the buoys not indicating her intervening success. But the contest, as a whole, indicated that with a balloon-jib of the proper American shape, and with this and other headsails properly set and trimmed, she could probably have saved her time. *Vigilant* won by superior management of forward canvas, and she is entitled to every honor for it.

In the triangular race, on Monday, the *Valkyrie*'s jackyard topsail could be seen to be improperly set before she started. The club of it was then sagging away from her gaff several inches. In the light air which followed the start, this defect was not emphasized, and in spite of it she did well; but as soon as the wind piped up fresh the topsail was in a half bag during all the rest of the beat out to the buoy. Every one saw that she did not point as high as *Vigilant*, whose club was so well set in several places to the gaff that the topsail was really a continuation of the mainsail. The *Valkyrie* has since proved that she can climb to windward faster and lie closer than any yacht in these waters, but on this day she was hopelessly beaten in the first leg of the course, for one reason only, namely, that her topsail was not properly set, and in fact was visibly wrong before the race was commenced. She pointed badly in order to fill her topsail.

As the buoy was first turned *Vigilant* broke out a huge jib-topsail and went off at a tremendous pace for the leeward mark. I timed *Valkyrie* in a rough way while I waited for her to do the same as *Vigilant*. Five minutes elapsed before any extra headsail was drawing; and then only a small, narrow jib-topsail was put to work. No doubt this was large enough for the English races, where all the skippers do the same things. But in these waters, and against American sailors, it was of no more use than a pocket handkerchief.

She lost during every minute of the subsequent passage to the outer buoy, and from there to the finish. A jib-topsail like *Vigilant*'s was the only sail that could be of any use to *Valkyrie* in her present company. True, it was blowing pretty hard, but she had a right and duty to risk her topmast, seeing that it was her only chance.

A newspaper has said that *Valkyrie*'s skipper does not like balloon-jibs. But it may fairly be asked whether he came over to air his prejudices or win the cup. It is a physical impossibility in the majority of races for any boat to win against Yankee skippers without a balloon-jib that is perfectly cut and perfectly trimmed when set. If Cranfield does not provide for this, he is in this region simply outclassed as a racing skipper, no matter how good he may be (and he is splendid) on one-gun starts and a hard jam to windward. On the latter points he has nothing to learn. He held the *Vigilant* nailed under his lee for the best part of two days. But when it comes to the use of balloon-jibs, and the handling of forward light canvas generally, both he and many other English yachtsmen have something to learn from the yachtsmen of these waters. This statement will be unwelcome in England. But to suggest that it is not a haphazard one, I may add that twenty years of hard practical Corinthian racing, both with and against American yachtsmen, and also a very large amount of racing on English yachts, have afforded me somewhat unusual opportunities for comparing the different systems.

Regarding the last race of fifteen miles to windward and back, which in the heavy breeze and sea was perhaps the finest contest ever seen, the same remarks apply, namely, that the English boat lost, not from her own lack of ability but from improper handling of canvas. Some one on the *Valkyrie* (I don't know who) insists on setting spinnakers, not in stops, but as a washerwoman hangs out clothes, all flying. This method is many years out of date, also slovenly and dangerous. I deal with its dangerous side. After winning the most glorious contest ever known in America—fifteen miles into the teeth of half a gale and beating the best yacht America ever produced—the *Valkyrie* turned and set her spinnaker. The papers say that a small hole was torn in the hoisting of it. No doubt it dragged up in the usual slovenly way, drifting against everything. If it had been sent up in stops, in the American way, there would have been no danger. Prejudice does not win races. The hole split wide, and the sail had to be taken in at the most critical moment just as *Vigilant* was about to pass. Then the Irish linen spinnaker was partly hoisted. Of course it blew to rags at once. Any child would know what it would do in that wind. In lowering this a large part of it was dropped overboard on the starboard side, where it dragged water and fairly anchored the yacht, while *Vigilant* was flying ahead on the last four miles of the race.

Well! Accidents happen! Though it was painful to witness. But even while we try to ignore the antiquated and dangerous way of setting the first spinnaker, which, if the hole was then torn, undoubtedly lost the race, we can hardly forgive the fact that the *Valkyrie* was unable to hoist her jackyard topsail on the run home. The papers say that Cranfield expected heavy weather and left this sail at home. If this be true, he had better have stayed at home himself. Surely any one could know, after seeing *Vigilant* crack on canvas in Monday's blow, that she would be carrying a big topsail when running free! Surely every one knows that when a small topsail can be carried to windward the big one is wanted while going free! This sail would certainly have saved more than the forty seconds required to win, and there is no excuse possible for not having it on board; or, if on board, for not setting it. The *Vigilant*, which in every completed race was marvelously well handled, set hers, and she certainly was a glorious picture as she ran in with both her spinnaker and balloon-jib bellying high in front of her, and with a wind in them that would blow the shingles off the lee side of a barn.

The deductions necessarily made from the series of races are numerous. One is, that in either running or reaching, the *Valkyrie*, with her present equipment, and always when her headsails are not trimmed, will be outfooted by *Vigilant*. Also, that the *Vigilant* will in any weather, whether light or heavy, be beaten by *Valkyrie* to a windward buoy. With her present equipment, and as sailed by her present crew, *Valkyrie* would probably be defeated, as a rule, on a triangular course; for here the physical development of *Vigilant* is bound to make up for her loss on the windward leg.

In conclusion I wish to say that my criticism does not spring from the sense of humiliation endured on every day of completed race, but from a desire to place before English yachtsmen certain points which must be observed before they can win the America's Cup. The experience gained in these races is of little use unless utilized to avoid repetitions; and I feel that in England these comments would be less acceptable when proceeding from a stranger than from one who would mortgage his existence to have the English boat win. **SINSON JARVIS.**

## The Yellow Fever at Brunswick, Georgia.

THE reports from Brunswick, Georgia, of the progress of the yellow fever continue to be most distressing. The scourge has now run a course of five or six weeks, and up to the latest date there had been in the neighborhood of five hundred cases, with a mortality of ten per cent. At this writing there are two hundred and sixty cases under treatment. The town is comparatively deserted, all persons who could conveniently get away having made their escape to the refugee camp in the suburbs, or to more remote points where safety is assured. Armed guards are stationed at all the approaches to the city and maintain a strict quarantine.

The distress among the poorer class of the population who have been obliged to remain in the city has been very great. Not a few have been reduced to the verge of starvation. But supplies are now pouring in, and all danger of famine seems to be averted. As many as four hundred persons are fed daily at the commissary established by outside charity. In some cases families have been found who had been without food for three days, and who were entirely helpless from sickness. The health authorities have employed all their authority and resources to mitigate the terrors of the plague, and the local clergymen and others have labored unceasingly in relieving the prevalent distress. The improvised hospital is efficiently manned, and has proved most serviceable. We give elsewhere a number of pictures illustrating scenes and incidents of the plague.

Brunswick, it will be remembered, has a population of some thirteen thousand. All the activities of the place have been suspended, and the approach of cooler weather is anxiously awaited, since there can be no great hope of arresting the disease until the temperature declines to the freezing point.

## Our Foreign Pictures.

### THE RUSSIANS IN FRANCE.

THE recent visit of the Russian squadron to Toulon, in France, was made the occasion of a demonstration of French enthusiasm which has not been equaled in recent annals. The conviction which seems to be universal in France that the republic must some day face Germany in the field has begotten a desire for a close alliance with Russia; and the popular demonstrations at Toulon were designed to express the vehemence and intensity of the national feeling in this respect. The preparations for the reception of the visitors were on a scale of unprecedented lavishness. The city was embellished in decorations and the hospitalities bestowed upon the visitors were prodigal in the last degree. Not only the population of the city, but tens of thousands of visitors from different parts of France united in the honors paid to the Russians. There were banquets and balls and fêtes of every sort. One of the unique features of the occasion was a battle of flowers, in which the Russians were half-smothered with floral decorations, pelted with confetti, which strewed the pavements in all directions. Wherever the Russians appeared they were welcomed with deafening shouts for Russia and the Czar. The feasting was so general that it degenerated at one time into a drunken rout in which men and women indiscriminately participated. During the progress of the fêtes the Russian Czar, who was at Copenhagen in Denmark, visited the French war-ships lying in that harbor. Telegrams of friendship and sympathy, too, were exchanged between the Czar and the President of France. It cannot be said that the Russians manifested equal enthusiasm with that displayed by the French, and occasion was taken during the progress of the visit to send out semi-official utterances from St. Petersburg to the effect that it is the Russians' purpose to preserve the peace of Europe, there being apparently a fear that the Toulon festivities might be regarded as indicative of a more close alliance with France than actually exists. Germany does not seem to have been much disturbed by the eager and spectacular display of affection for the Russians manifested by the excitable citizens of the republic.

### THE ARGENTINE REVOLT.

The insurrection now in progress in the Argentine Republic is merely another manifestation of the turbulent temper which has characterized the Argentine and its sister States for half a century. No government has been able to maintain itself for more than five or six years against the plotters of revolution. General Roca, who was elected president in 1880, brought order out of chaos, and for a time peace and prosperity prevailed. But in 1886 he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Don Miguel J. Celman, and fresh troubles arose resulting finally in

the abdication of the latter. Now the existing dictator has become unpopular, and his overthrow is sought by the usual revolutionary process. He is backed, however, by General Roca as commander-in-chief, and it is believed that he will be able to suppress the revolt and restore his authority. We give a picture of the stock exchange in the city of Buenos Ayres, the principal city of the confederation.

### OCCUPATION OF CHANTABOON BY THE FRENCH.

The French troops in Siam have recently taken possession of the fort which commands the city of Chantaboon, a seaport which they will hold as pledge until the Siamese government puts into execution the treaty negotiated some time since. Chantaboon, or Chantaburi, is the city second in maritime importance in the Kingdom of Siam. It is, however, not situated on the sea, but on a river flowing into the Gulf of Siam. It has but five or six thousand inhabitants, Siamese, Annamites, and Chinese, and its importance is due to its geographical position, by virtue of which it is the gateway to a direct and easy route to the richest provinces of Siam.

### THE HUNGARIAN MANŒUVRES.

The grand manœuvres in Hungary which recently took place near Güns were attended by the German Emperor, the Duke of Connaught, and other notables, who, as the guests of the Emperor of Austria, were most enthusiastically received. The town was gayly decorated, and the surrounding hills lighted at night with Bengal lights and fireworks. Our illustration, from the London *Graphic*, shows the two Emperors and the Duke of Connaught about to start for the scene of the manœuvres.

### A MILITARY JUBILEE.

We give a portrait of King Albert of Saxony, who has recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the army. A golden jubilee of this sort is rare in military annals.

## FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00 to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00 to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

### Richard Mansfield.

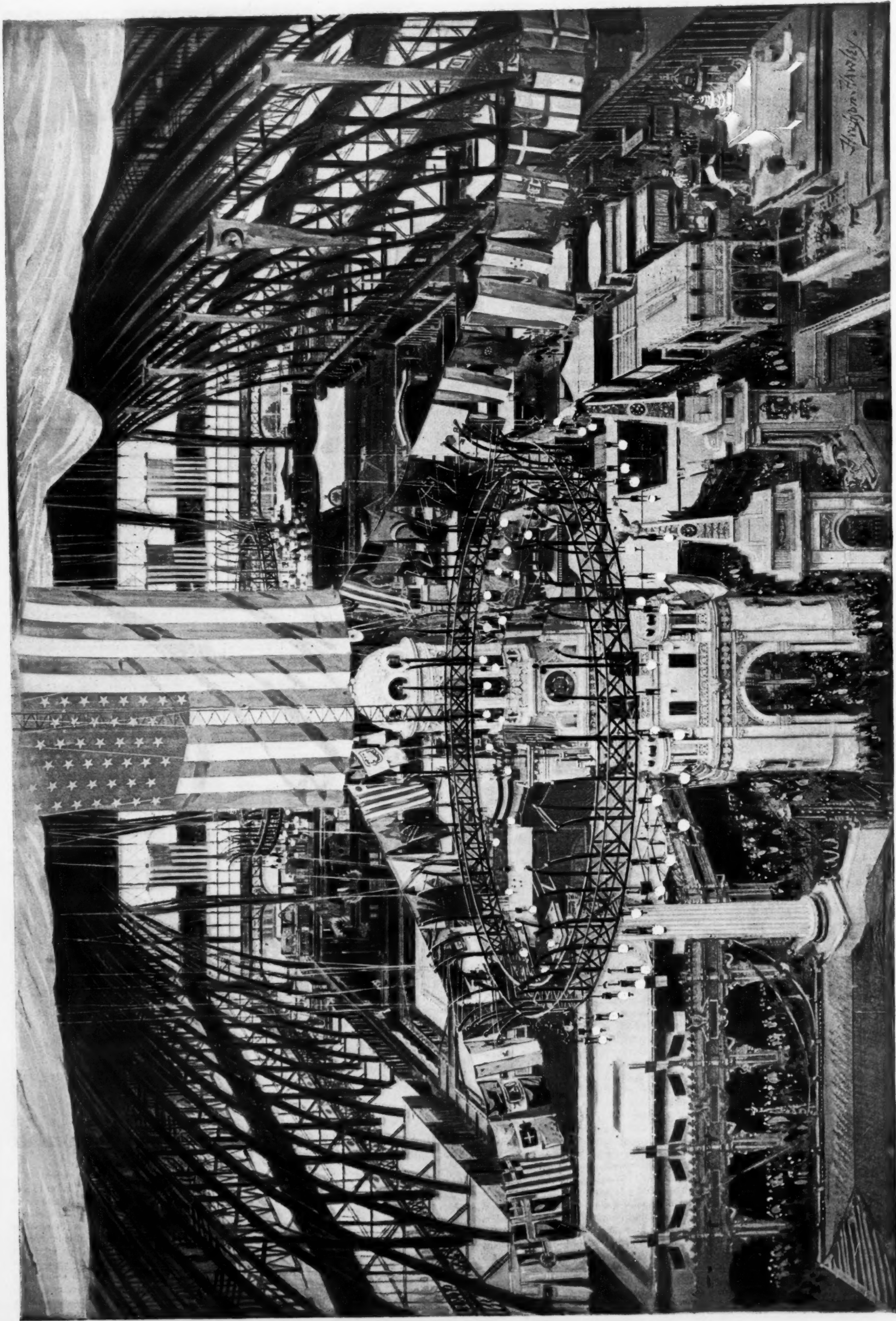
ADMIRABLE faculties for concentration of purpose are visible in this countenance. The eyebrows and *entourage* of the eyes are eloquent of deliberateness, of set purpose, of untiring application, of unforgetting perseverance and calculation; while the shape and relative size of the head indicate that the mental faculties are most acute, nimble, and marked by that alertness usually termed presence of mind. The persevering will which is the motive power of these faculties lies on the long upper lip and the



RICHARD MANSFIELD.

chin, where also may be seen the power of reticence and a certain habit of self-concealment or the veiling of absolute personality. Individuality is distinct, and with patience in effort is linked impatience of temper. The intellect is subtle in quality, is very ambitious, very self-believing, and keenly alive to the appreciation of others. About the whole is a strong suggestion of a magnetic personality, mainly expressed in the eyes, but it is magnetism of a quality so absolute as to repel as often as attract, and to win for its possessor a friend or coin for him an enemy, as the contact of individualities may result in attraction or repulsion.

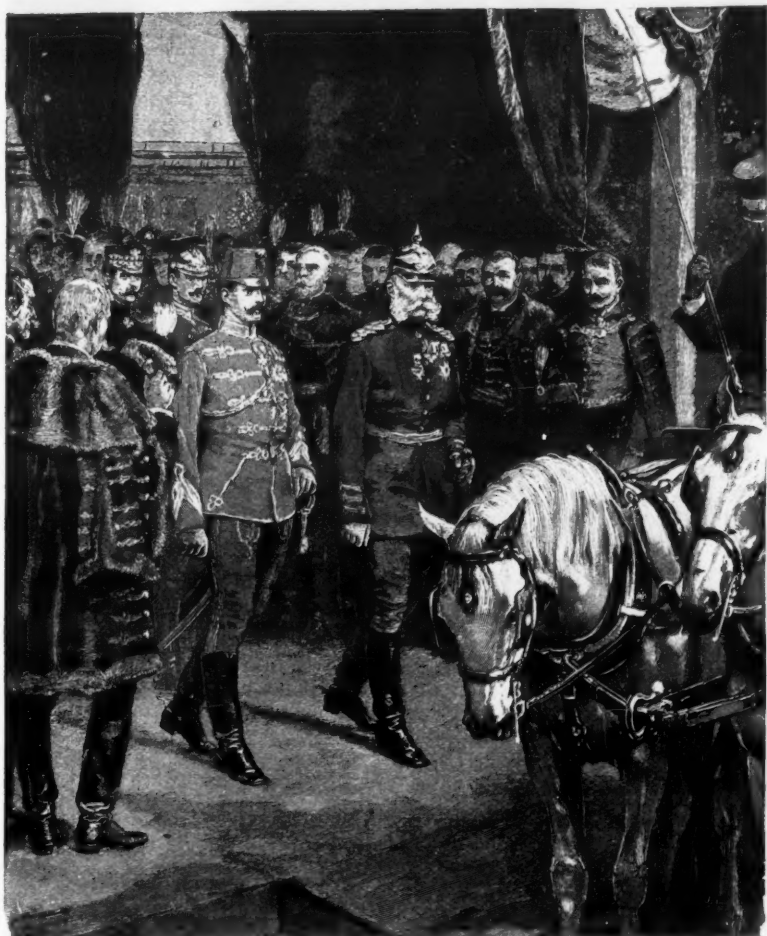




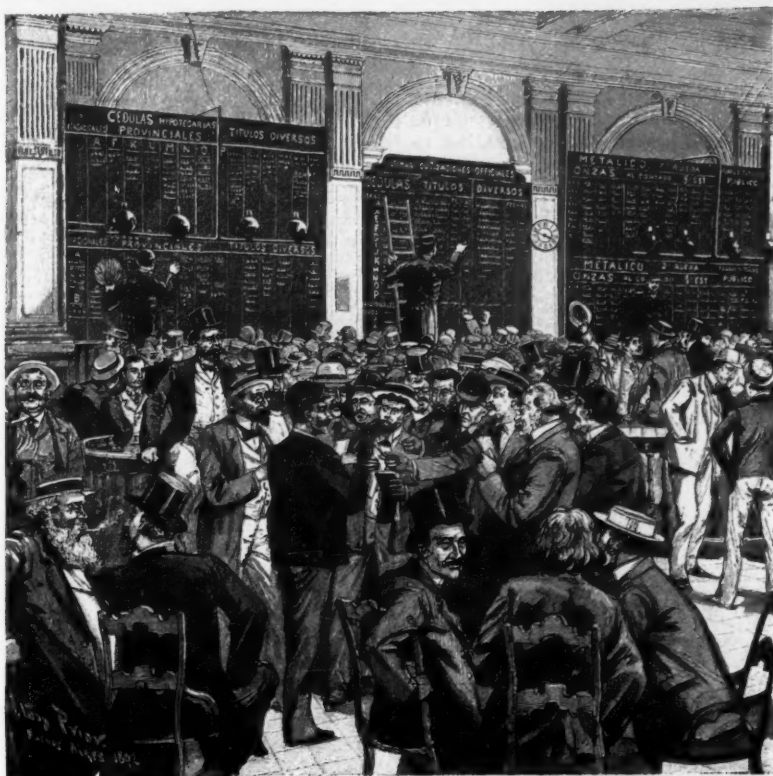
THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

INTERIOR OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING AS SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE ELEVATOR.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 267.]





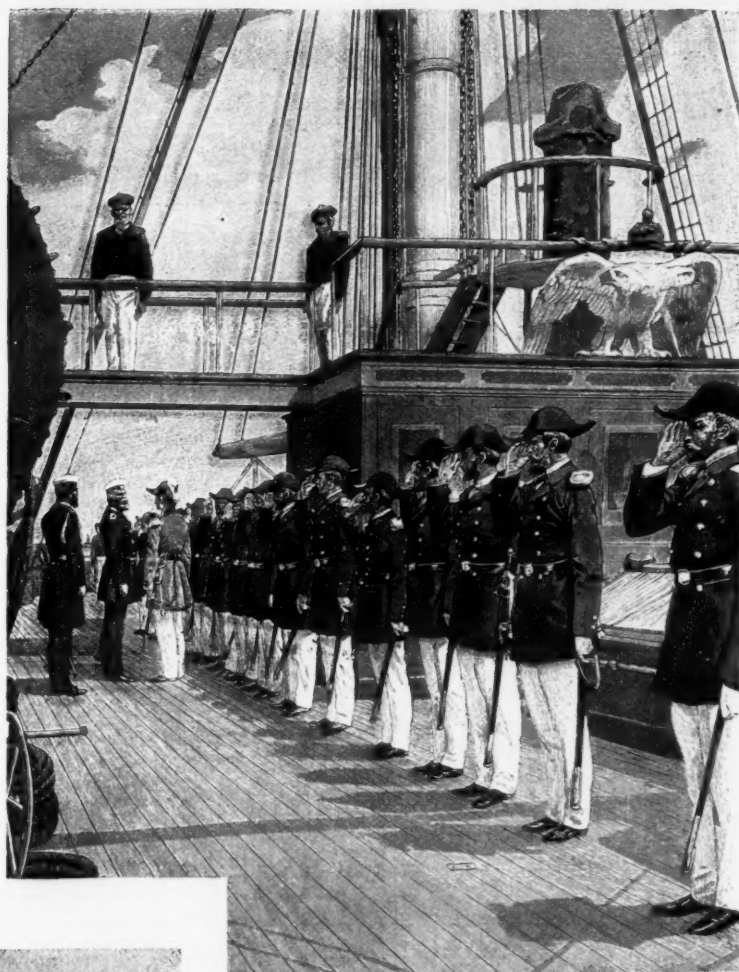
THE EMPERORS OF AUSTRIA AND GERMANY AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ABOUT TO START FROM GUNS TO WITNESS THE HUNGARIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.



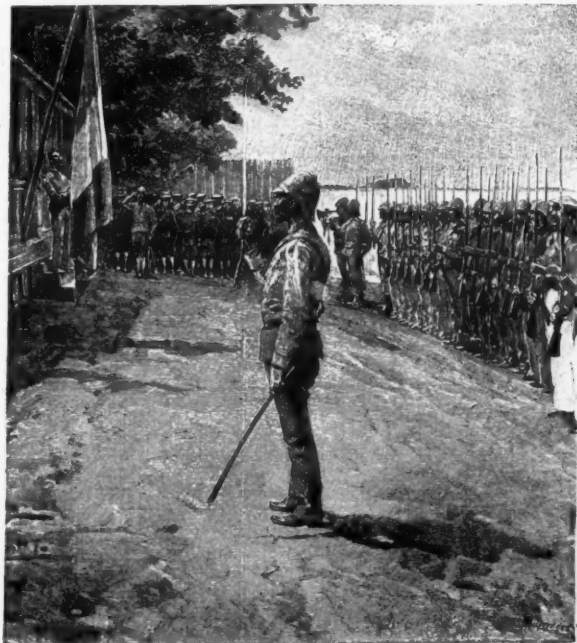
THE ARGENTINE INSURRECTION—THE STOCK EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES.



THE COAL CRISIS IN ENGLAND—SERVING SOUP TO CHILDREN OF THE STRIKERS AT DODWORTH SCHOOLS, YORKSHIRE.



THE RUSSIANS AT TOULON—PRESENTATION OF OFFICERS TO ADMIRAL AVELAN ON BOARD THE "PAMIR-AZOVA."



THE FRANCO-SIAMESE DIFFICULTIES—OCCUPATION OF CHANTABOUN BY FRENCH TROOPS.



ALBERT, KING OF SAXONY.



MINERS' WIVES MAKING STREET COLLECTIONS IN LONDON IN AID OF THE COAL-MINE STRIKERS.



We are pleased to learn that within a week from date the concert season will begin at Carnegie Music Hall. From present indications it promises to be a brilliant one, as the engagements already entered into almost fill the season.

MR. ADOLPH BRODSKY, the concert master of the New York Symphony Orchestra, who has been spending the summer in Russia, has recently given a concert at Odessa with great success.

#### NOT UNDER THE RULES.

APPLICANT—"Then the employees of this department don't have to pass the civil-service examination?"

Government Official—"No, indeed. We require bright, active, intelligent men for our work."—Judge.

#### A SAFE PROMISE.

TESSIE—"Tell me a fairy tale, mamma."

Mamma—"I don't know any, dear. Wait till your father comes home to-night, about midnight; he'll tell one."—Judge.

#### A PRACTICAL BACHELOR.

PRIMUS—"Jobson says Diggs is too unsophisticated for anything."

Secundus—"What's he done?"

Primus—"Sent a jewel-case to Miller's newborn baby."

Secundus—"What did Jobson send it?"

Primus—"A bottle of hair-restorer."—Judge.

#### TRUTH PREVAILS.

ST. PETER—"Who's there?"

Applicant—"Veri Tabul, Esq., New York City."

St. Peter—"What brought you?"

Applicant—"Drowned at the close of a day's fishing."

St. Peter—"How many fish did you catch?"

Applicant—"None."

St. Peter—"Walk right in."—Judge.

#### SHE DREW HIM OUT.

"No," said Miss Kittish, airily, "the best is none too good for me."

"Then permit me to offer myself," said Mr. Dolley, promptly.—Judge.

#### THE ONLY PROFUNDITY.

SPATTS—"There is something very profound about Codling."

Bloobumper—"You allude to his ignorance, of course?"—Judge.

For all forms of disordered stomach use  
Bromo-Seltzer. A palatable, prompt cure.

ALL lovers of delicacies use Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to secure good digestion.

#### CRYING BABIES.

SOME people do not love them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to manhood and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and druggists.

THE famous Sohmer Piano has justly earned its reputation, because it is the best instrument in the world.

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

### Valued Indorsement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

## Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

## What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

## LIKE SUMMER ROSES

PURITY of person COMMANDS OUR RESPECT, and for this reason we seek to avoid PEOPLE OF BAD TASTE, because they are usually uncleanly. But what can be more lovely than a young girl, just budding into womanhood, whose every charm has been heightened by the use of

## Constantine's

## Persian Healing

## Pine Tar Soap?

This indispensable article for Toilet use Frees the Head from Dandruff; prevents the hair from falling off or turning prematurely gray; removes blotches and pimples from the skin; makes the teeth shine like pearls, and gives to the breath a sweetness which is as fascinating as the odor of

## SUMMER ROSES.

Remember this wonderful beautifier is the ORIGINAL PINE TAR SOAP.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

THE coloring so frequently seen in Calisaya, sometimes natural, oftener artificial, has no medicinal action or properties. Calisaya La Rilla is bright, clear and palatable, and richer in the best principles of the bark than any other.

## EPILEPSY

An account of the only rational mode of treatment. Pamphlet edition, 10c. Address THE WILLIAMSON SANITARIUM, New London, Conn.

#### THE WEARISOMEST.

Of the wearing things in a weary world  
The wearisomest ex-ant  
Is the wearisome mortal—he or she—  
Who tries to be "smart"—and can't.  
—Judge.

#### A MEAN MAN.

"My dear," said Mr. Bloobumper to his wife,  
"I wish you would have some of these biscuits  
of yours when Mr. Briscoe is here for dinner."  
"I thought you didn't like Mr. Briscoe, love,"  
replied Mrs. Bloobumper, sweetly.  
"I don't."—Judge.

#### A NEW PROFESSION.

"WHAT is your son going to do now that he  
has left college, Mrs. Spriggins?"  
"I dunno exactly. He's talkin' of goin' into  
law; but I've heern tell as how there's lots o'  
money in bankruptcy, an' I'd like to have him  
try that."—Judge.

#### LOVE ON THE BIKE.

"I LOVE you," said the bicyclist  
To the maid he did admire.  
"Oh, dear!" said she, "you cause in me"  
A large pneumatic tire."  
—Judge.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.  
A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR  
Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Fullness after Meals, Vomiting, Sickness of the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Lowness of Spirits, and All Nervous Affections.  
To cure these complaints we must remove the cause. The principal cause is generally to be found in the stomach and liver; put these two organs right and all will be well. From two to four Pills twice a day for a short time will remove the evil, and restore the sufferer to sound and lasting health.  
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, O.

## Kitchen Extension.

University Extension is good, but Kitchen Extension is better. When science strikes the kitchen it strikes home and every member of the family is the gainer.

The latest and best gift of science to the kitchens of the world is

## Cottolene

the new vegetable shorten-ing and substitute for lard. Every woman who has ever cooked a meal, knows that lard is disagreeable in use and unhealthy in its "richness" as we call it.

Cottolene is a most satisfactory substitute—clean, delicate and far more economical. Try it for yourself. Refuse all imitations.

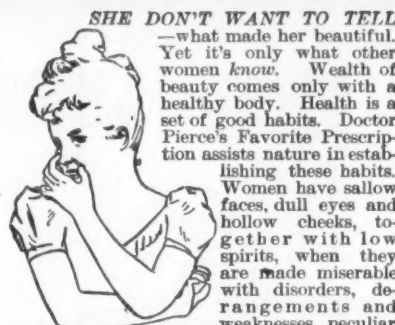
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St. Louis, Montreal,  
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Philadelphia, San  
Francisco, etc.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

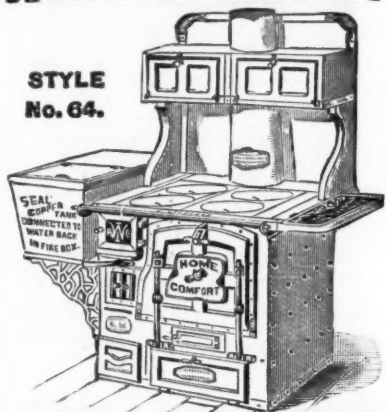
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.  
Warehouses, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.  
SOHMER & CO.,  
Chicago, Ill., 236 State St.; San Francisco, Cal., Union Club Building;  
St. Louis, Mo., 1527 Olive St.; Kansas City, Mo., 1133 Main St.



—what made her beautiful. Yet it's only what other women know. Wealth of beauty comes only with a healthy body. Health is a set of good habits. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription assists nature in establishing these habits. Women have hollow faces, dull eyes and hollow cheeks, together with low spirits, when they are made miserable with disorders, derangements and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. Health is regained, after periods of dizziness, nervous prostration and excitability, or other manifestations of derangement or displacement of the womanly organs, when the "Prescription" is used. Besides, it's sold on its merits. The proprietors take the risk. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure all the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses of women, or money is refunded.

Catarrh is cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

## HOME COMFORT



## STEEL FAMILY RANGES

Made almost wholly of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL, will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN FROM OUR OWN WAGONS throughout this Country and Canada.

SALES TO JANUARY 1st, 1893, 258,460.

MADE ONLY BY  
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.  
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Branch Factory: TORONTO, ONT.  
Founded 1864. Paid up Capital \$1,000,000.  
HOTEL OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.

## E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,  
Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, MATERIALS, CHEMICALS AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and View Cameras in great variety of styles and prices. Lenses, Shutters, Dry Plates, etc., etc.

#### The Best Text-Books on Photography.

Free use of dark-room on main floor of our store. Fifty Years Established. Send for Catalogue. Dark-room at our exhibit at World's Fair for use of visiting friends.

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THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
Stomach Bitters,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r & Prop'r,  
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\$25 to \$50 per week, to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to replace rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc.; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing, or machinery. Thick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profit large. W. F. Harrison & Co. Columbus, O.

LONDON.  
THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

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Coughs,  
Croup, Influenza, and  
Bronchitis,  
use

## AYER'S

### CHERRY PECTORAL

the best  
of all anodyne  
expectorants.

Prompt to act,

**Sure to Cure**

You leave New York at 3 p.m.; arrive at Chicago next morning at 10. Returning, leave Chicago at 2 p.m.; arrive in New York next morning at 11.15. This gives you a business day in Chicago, and returns you the third day in time for business in New York, PRACTICALLY MAKING THE TRIP IN TWO NIGHTS. This can only be done by the Exposition Flyer of the New York Central, fastest long-distance train in the world—another justification for the title, "America's Greatest Railroad."

The Exposition Flyer is full every day. To get good accommodations you must secure them several days in advance.

### NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

**THREE EAST WEST DAILY.**  
PALACE BUFFET SUPERB DINING  
SLEEPERS. CARS.

**NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN...**  
NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO  
TICKETS SOLD TO ALL POINTS  
AT LOWEST RATES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Special Rates for Parties.

Trains arrive at and depart from Nickel Plate Depot, corner Twelfth and Clark streets, Chicago; Union Depot of the Erie Ry. at Buffalo. At Cleveland, trains stop at Euclid avenue, Madison avenue, Willson avenue, Broadway, Pearl street, Lorain street and at Detroit street, from either of which stations passengers may be conveyed by street car to any part of the city.

For rates and other information see Agents of the Nickel Plate Road, or address

L. WILLIAMS, B. F. HORNER,  
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**MARRIED LADIES** Send 10 cents for "Infallible Safeguard" (no medicine, no deception); just what you want. Sent in plain sealed wrapper. LADIES BAZAR, Kansas City, Mo.

# RIDLEY'S

Grand St., N. Y.  
**CLOAKS. SUITS.**

**WRAPS, JACKETS, CAPES.**

Large Assortments. All Sizes.  
200 LADIES' STYLISH VELVET CAPES, Silk lined; also Black Clay Diagonal Capes—trimmed Ribbon } **\$5.90**  
Worth \$9.75

100 MISSES' LARGE-SIZE NEWMARKETS, in plain and fancy mixed cloth; cost to make \$6.00 } **\$2.98**

MISSES' FINE FANCY CLOTH LONG CLOAKS, with double Capes—MUCH BELOW VALUE } **\$3.90, 4.50**

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Worth \$12.00

MISSES' JACKETS. LARGE COLLARS AND SLEEVES, in plain and fancy cloth, } **\$2.98 3.90 4.50**

LADIES' HANDSOME CLOTH CAPES, large sizes, trimmed Silk, Fur, Braid and Ribbon, } **\$8.90, 12.00 to 18.75**

50 Dozen LADIES' FLANNEL WAISTS, trimmed; colors, navy, red and black } **\$1.25**

Mail Orders promptly filled.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,

309 to 321 Grand Street, New York.

THIS  
WILL  
CURE  
YOU



## BURNHAM'S BEEF WINE & IRON

PRICE 50c. pint. Let those who have pale faces try it. It is a GREAT RESTORATIVE TONIC that acts upon the blood immediately.

Be Sure You Get BURNHAM'S. Our formula is a secret. No other is "just as good." All grocers sell it.

Six 1/2 pint bottles expressed for \$1.50. Send stamps for book—"Household Hints."

E. S. BURNHAM CO., 129 Gansevoort St. N. Y.

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with our artistic  
Diaphanies

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Most magnificent decoration for Windows, Transoms, Skylights, Door Panels of Hotels, Churches, Private Residences, and all places where Art Glass is used.

WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF PICTURES.

Unparalleled as Holiday and Wedding Presents.

Our Illustrated Catalogue, containing about 600 Illustrations, will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Colored Catalogue, \$1.00. Amount refunded in case of \$10.00 order.

GRIMME & HEMPEL, 310 Broadway, New York.

Main House and Factory, Leipzig, Germany.

### CONSERVATIVE.

"I THINK," said the emphatic girl, "that the way in which she treats her husband is positively awful."

"Well," replied Willie Widdies, "to say the least it's awfully positive."—Judge.

### A GENTLE ACCUSATION.

"BRAINARD used rather strong language at the trial yesterday, didn't he?"

"Well, I must say that he employed a speech which seemed to need deodorizing."—Judge.

### A COLD ONE.

HIGBIE—"Where's that Chicago friend of yours, Bigbie? You ought to look him up, although he didn't give you a fair shake at entertaining last year."

Bigbie—"Gave me one this year, though."

Higbie—"Did he?"

Bigbie—"Yes; a World's Fair shake."—Judge.

### D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. floor room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Chas. Jordan, Chicago Agent, 269 Dearborn St. Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 E. 14th St., New York.

**Cheap Printing**  
88 PRESS prints cards &c. Circular press \$8. Small newspaper size \$44. Great money-maker and saver. All easy, printed rules. Write for catalogue, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.  
Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.

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Are unequalled for smooth, tough points. Samples worth double the money for 16c. Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J. Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

**ESTERBROOK'S PENS** 26 JOHN ST., N. Y. THE BEST MADE.

A Year of Laughter  
for  
**25 Cents**



JUDGE QUARTERLY, ISSUED OCTOBER 1st, 1893.

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## Folding KODAKS

Combine with the compactness of the Kodak every feature which advanced amateurs desire in a camera.

### PRICES.

	For Film and Glass	For Glass Plates only.
No. 4 (For 4 x 5 pictures),	\$60.00	\$55.00
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### Transparent Film.

Notice. Every package of film is now dated and customers can thus make sure of getting fresh film when purchasing.

Our film does not tear or frill; is evenly coated and has no bubbles.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Send for Catalogue.

Rochester, N. Y.

### COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.



So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white.

With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and purifying the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste.

Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to

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### LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?



When you can get the Best at large prices in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. Good income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

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at home, to assist in preparing addresses. Also other writing and many office work. \$25 to \$50 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp. WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Inc.)





A SURE PLAN.

LONELY WALKER—"I'd like to have my life insured."

AGENT—"Well, there's the tontine ten-year plan, endowment plan, mutual benefit, old-line life, and—"

LONELY WALKER—"Well, isn't there a plan by which I could get fifteen cents to-day in advance—on account?"

### "Too Many Cooks

spoil the broth." Probably because they don't use

## Armour's Extract of BEEF

Armour's Extract enables a poor cook to rival the "creations" of the most celebrated chef. Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

★ THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD ★

# IMPERIAL GRANUM

IS THE BEST SUITED FOR ALL WEAK AND DELICATE CONDITIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS. THE SAFEST FOOD IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS—UNRIVALLED—for DIETETIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS. A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED FEVERS.

AND OF RARE MEDICINAL EXCELLENCE IN ALL GASTRIC AND ENTERIC DISEASES, ESPECIALLY IN DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, COLIC, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS.

SHIPPING DEPOT—JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

SOLE DRUGGISTS.

### FRAY BENTOS

is a town in Uruguay, South America, on the River Plate. It would not be celebrated except that it is where the celebrated

## LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

comes from, and in the fertile grazing fields around it are reared the cattle which are slaughtered—1,000 to 2,000 a day—to make this famous product, which is known 'round the world as the standard for

QUALITY, FLAVOR AND PURITY.

YOU DON'T DRINK COCOA BECAUSE YOU CAN'T DIGEST IT.

## PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

IS ONE WHICH WILL NOT DISTRESS AND IS A DELICIOUS FOOD DRINK.

# YALE MIXTURE

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

YALE MIXTURE SMOKING TOBACCO is manufactured of the best leaf grown, selected especially for this brand, regardless of cost.

MARBURG BROS., BALTIMORE, MD.

THEY RIDE

## RAMBLER BICYCLES

and feel better—eat better—sleep better—work better—live better—ARE better. TRY IT YOURSELF.

Catalogue free at Rambler Agencies or by mail for 2 two-cent stamps. GORRISLEY & JEFFERY, Mfg. Co., Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.

### Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR—  
Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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**J. HARPER BONNELL CO.,**  
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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE



## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best Calf Shoe in the World for the Price.

Fine Calf Dress Shoes, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00. Very Stylish.

Policemen's, Farmers' and Letter Carriers' \$3.50 Shoe. Three Soles, Extension Edge.

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Boys and Youths wear the \$2.00 and \$1.75 School Shoe.

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